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THE SPANISH-AMERICAN CRISIS: SPANISH TROOPS EMBARKING AT BARCELONA FOR CUBA.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

The friends of Mr. James Payn have offered eloquent tribute, here and elsewhere, to the rare qualities of the writer and the man. There remains one thing to be said of him, and it happens to be the thing which comes most fitly and sadly from myself, though I never had the privilege of his personal friendship. If they who knew him well feel keenly the loss of his genial humour, his sunny philosophy, his large and tolerant knowledge, how nearly must this bereavement touch the writer who has to succeed him here without filling the gap he has left? It is with something like despair that I see my name and not his at the head of this page. I have reproachful visions of the multitude of readers who, for many years, found in his "Note Book" so much stimulus and charm. I can truly say to them, "Let us mourn together the wise and kindly spirit we have lost"; but I can offer them no solace save the faint hope that the spirit of James Payn may sometimes revisit this corner of his old tenement for their comfort and mine.

So Boadicea and her chariot are not to be moved from that commanding site on the Embankment, within striking distance of the Houses of Parliament. This may not be a triumph of art, though the British Queen is almost a match for the stately ladies who adorn the Place de la Concorde. But without arguing any question of sculpture, I venture to suggest that the statue of Boadicea provides a new stimulus in the lives of many pedestrians who cross Westminster Bridge. Some, no doubt, are puzzled. To them, as to a certain member of the County Council, Boadicea is "a mythological personage." They have not heard of her dauntless patriotism—how she came "bleeding from the Roman rods," and how it used to be supposed that her remains were buried in a tumulus on Parliament Hill. But there is something in her glance which seizes their attention. Why does a middle-aged gentleman of meek aspect, sauntering by late in the afternoon, give a sudden start and cross the bridge hastily? Does her regal eye remind him of some domestic potentate in Brixton, impatient for his home-coming? Speculations about the statue are hazarded by flippant bystanders. "Boadicea," says one: "why, she's an advertisement—that blessed stuff which 'touches the spot'!" Another explains to a lady that it is all over. "What's all over?" "The reign of man! Don't you see what this means? It is the triumph of women's suffrage! Boadicea on her way to Palace Yard to take her seat in the House of Commons!"

Londoners ought to be grateful for any public monument that stirs the imagination. We are apt to take statues too literally, to ask for a precise image in stone or bronze of somebody who has won a battle, written a book, passed a Bill; so that the Bill, the book, or the battle may be impressed upon us for ever, though successive Novembers lay fresh mantles of soot on the effigy till it is almost unrecognisable. This theory does not work very satisfactorily, for there is probably no great city in which the statues enjoy so little public notice as in London. But if a sculptor were commissioned now and then to make a symbolic or dimly historic figure which leaves a spacious latitude to the fancy, think what a boon he would confer on many people who are listless in their daily walks because there is nothing to capture their vague emotion and wandering thought! Mrs. Kruger has adapted this idea with much ingenuity. Her husband is said to have consented to be immortalised in sculpture on condition that he should be reproduced in his habit as he lives—hat, coat, everything as faithfully presented as Cromwell's warts. No doubt the famous precedent of the Protector came naturally to his memory. But Mrs. Kruger stipulated that the crown of the President's hat should be so modelled as to hold the rain, and make a pleasant little reservoir for thirsty birds. This blunts the edge of the poet's satire on Cæsar dead and turned to clay, who stops a hole to keep the wind away; for some public curiosity may cling to him while the birds are drinking out of his hat!

If every statue were suddenly endowed with life, how many of them would feel any interest in current affairs? One or two great men would be a good deal disturbed. The various images of Columbus, on hearing of the quarrel between Spain and the United States, would exclaim with one accord, "Was it for this that I discovered America?" Some consolation might be offered him by the statues of Amerigo Vespucci, if there are any, who would respond, "Calm yourself, my dear Christopher! Remember that America was christened after me!" The military and naval heroes in St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey would make some commotion by asking their way to the arsenals and dockyards; but the civilian statues of recent times would be sufficiently busy with mournful reflections upon their wearing apparel. A statue of Mr. Kruger might be indifferent to the progress of realism as illustrated by the trouser in sculpture. For him baggy knees may indicate stern devotion to principle. But imagine the feelings of an æsthetic statue as he catches sight for the first time of his trouser folds in brass or marble! Here is no graceful substitute for the old Roman toga; but if Lord

Charles Beresford would permit himself to be modelled in the costume of her Majesty's marines, I believe its free and flowing lines would reconcile every distinguished man to the ordeal of the pedestal.

If the statues of Shakspeare became animated, what a press of interviewers there would be in Leicester Square, all armed with the same interrogation, "Did you or Bacon write those plays?" How the Baconian heresy is spreading may be judged from Mr. Sidney Lee's significant letter in the *Times*. He says he is constantly asked by men of "acknowledged reputation" to meet their doubts about Shakspeare. Mr. Lee, who is deeply versed in the subject, declares that the case for Shakspeare is overwhelming to anybody who examines the whole evidence, and that the delusion of his questioners arises solely from the fact that Bacon, a contemporary of the poet's, was a great prose writer. There is no more reason for believing that Bacon wrote Shakspeare than for believing that Arthur Orton wrote Roger Tichborne. I thought this illustration would provoke some reply; but so far Mr. Lee's challenge is unanswered. There remains the phenomenon that, in every intelligent circle, you are likely to find somebody who inclines towards Bacon, not always on specific grounds, but apparently because Shakspeare's genius is thought incompatible with his origin and mode of life. Did he not hasten to be rich, withdraw to Stratford-on-Avon, and live there as a country gentleman, quite indifferent to his fame? Can you imagine a modern poet turning landowner, and ignoring his achievements? Then how could an actor amass the prodigious knowledge which enriches the plays? Now Bacon was a very learned man; and although imagination and humour are not the most striking characteristics of his prose, and although his admitted verse is none of the best, his scholarship explains much that is surprising in Shakspeare.

Such, in brief, seem to be the ideas, more or less definite, behind the Baconian theory. Not the smallest impression is made upon them by the positive evidence of Shakspeare's authorship supplied by contemporaries, rivals as well as friends, notably by Ben Jonson and by the two actors who edited the First Folio. How Jonson could have been deceived, or how he could have lent himself to an imposture; how Shakspeare could have blinded all about him to his incompetence, or how he could have bribed his world to secrecy—these be mysteries. Ben Jonson was Shakspeare's friend and critic; he was also a friend of Bacon's: it is not improbable, therefore, that Shakspeare helped himself as freely to the scholarship of both these men as to the Italian novels from which he drew so many plots. It is more conceivable, at any rate, that the actor, who was reputed to have begun life by deer-stealing, created Hamlet than that the philosophic Bacon created Falstaff.

M. Jusserand, in the *Nineteenth Century*, calls attention to another mystery. Throughout Shakspeare's lifetime, his name and work were unknown to Frenchmen, even to those who visited England. He shared this neglect with all the Elizabethan poets. But the French knew Bacon! Here is a promising trail for the Baconian. Unluckily, the French interest in Bacon was limited to his Latin compositions. M. Jusserand's disclosure means that the whole English literature of the period was sealed to French students. Even the distinguished English writers who went to Paris attracted no attention. Ben Jonson hid his light under a bottle, for, although he took his ease in a Paris tavern, he did not talk there as he talked at the Mermaid, but was made very drunk by the scapegrace son of Raleigh, put into a cart, and exhibited to the curious impertinents in the streets! This incident in rare Ben's career may suggest to some theorist that, like Shakspeare, he is unworthy of his reputation, and that Bacon wrote "Every Man in His Humour." Indeed, there is a commentator in America who avers that Bacon, when he had any leisure from public duties, and was not writing Shakspeare, composed Spenser's "Faerie Queene," and knocked off a play or two for Beaumont and Fletcher.

As it is often said that Shakspeare is little read now, I find much refreshment in the recent confession of a literary man who says he was sent to prison for debt. Having to spend the first stage of his seclusion in a police station, he whiled away five hours in his cell by reciting "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Romeo and Juliet," and half of "Othello." He was stopped, not by exhaustion, but by the entrance of a warder, who must have been listening, enraptured, through the keyhole. It may be wondered why such a memory, and such powers of endurance, were not exercised for the benefit of the creditors. Could they have heard that recitation, would they not have taken it as an acquittal of all debts, in conjunction with a trifling composition in the pound? The idea of a literary man paying his butcher and baker with a few hours of Shakspeare must commend itself to every liberal mind. It might be enacted, moreover, that remission of sentence should be granted when a culprit can recite two Shakspeare tragedies to his fellow prisoners every day for a month. The educational advantages of such a system are obvious. It would keep the memory of Shakspeare green, lessen crime by diverting the energies of possible criminals to arduous study, and afford a welcome relaxation to prison officials.

THE LATE JAMES PAYN.

BY HENRY JAMES.

It is difficult to express with just the happy shade of truth how little the knowledge of James Payn as the most lovable of men happened oppressively to involve taking the writer into account. It is, at all events, a simple and veracious statement of my own affectionate acquaintance with him that it scarcely ever came up between us directly that either of us were writers. I hardly know what would have occurred on any occasion if either he or I had suddenly become very literary. It was a feature of a long and an unclouded intercourse that I had positively to remind myself at need that books were in him quite as much as friendship and talk and hospitality and whist. Books, indeed, as he saw them, liked them and produced them, were exactly the equally immediate, sociable, personal things—things to be kept and used within the radius of healthy amusement; they were not mysteries and sanctities, embarrassments and problems—they might perfectly be overlooked, but not relegated and enshrined. As it happened then, we overlooked them—though I, perhaps, had most to try.

As I can speak of him only from my personal point of view, that of a comparatively late comer into a general circle very much wound up and going, which therefore rather imposed spectatorship, or, to put it crudely, observation, I may say that much of the interest of knowing him sprang exactly from this pleasant vision of him as the man of letters not on the stretch, the workman who had hit off a happy economy. He told of practice and ease—ease of feeling, I mean (precious boon!) about his trade and his daily job.

I recall how, on first becoming aware that, more quickly than I had either hoped or feared, I was knee-deep in London life, people and things put on a colour to me just in proportion as my imagination fitted them into some scheme, some theory of historic conditions and of the general English picture—some idea of a tradition that, though it seemed to me I could put my finger on it, they (the real participants) were carrying out with an unconsciousness sometimes charming, often amusing, always magnificent. Payn, essentially, was unconscious, and so it was that he struck me as being, besides the gentlest, drollest, most human spirit, a man of a period, a survival, a witness with an answer to one's particular curiosity. Great was that, inevitably, of an American rather continentalised and really, at last, seeing with his eyes and touching with his hands the unadulterated English school. Payn was of that lineage the natural, unaggressive, almost unwitting specimen.

Without the aid of years or other creaking machinery, he "went back"—went back as a link, in imagination and sympathy, to the taste and tone that I had supposed I should have come too late to catch. He seemed ever to belong to a literary fashion more remote than his time of life made possible—which was the effect of his turn of mind and his love of a "good story." He presented the old feeling for that incontestable blessing with a fond familiarity that often made me envy him. I envied altogether his comfortable, sociable relation to letters and to his *métier*, which he had got so perfectly into harness. What he "went back" to above all was Dickens and the world of Dickens—I mean of Dickens and the whole Dickens period and pitch at the uncriticised stage. This particular colour kept him to the end, with his personal freshness both of sympathy and indifference (it was as if the latter, in particular, in certain directions, were renewed each morning), a vivid and consistent "case."

I had, at all events, a friendly vision of all this that he kindly never did anything to spoil. He was always the author of "Lost Sir Mässingberd," which, without his being so very much my senior, he had miraculously managed to make contemporary with the picture of that remembered morning of life when I brushed the dew from *Chambers's Journal*. What made him and kept him enviable was that he was the man of ingenious and active imagination who could yet remain untormented from within. From without it was doubtless another matter—sensitive and tender, he was quite accessible enough to the world's worries to show his friends that he could always be droll at the expense of them. This power, towards the close of his life, fate subjected to tests enough; and yet when I last saw him his wit was unvanquished.

Therefore it is that I feel I keep nearer to him in memory by not breaking ground on his writings than by attempting to speak of them. The best were those in which he most gave his whimsical humour its head. These were admirable and, on a sifting, ought to be gathered together. But whether for comedy or drama, he gave even to the end of his sad last few years—in perpetual confinement and pain—the impression of the command of an independent faculty of laughter and sighs, a blessed chamber of the brain that could remain clear, show at last, at the top of the lighthouse, the lamp trimmed and the spark red, while darkness crept steadily on. His imagination had not made so much of the human bustle that to miss it was to miss all things. He wrought, like a good workman, to the latest hour, and as the world shrank more to what was devotedly close to him he had more and more affection to take and more and more gentleness to show.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN CRISIS.

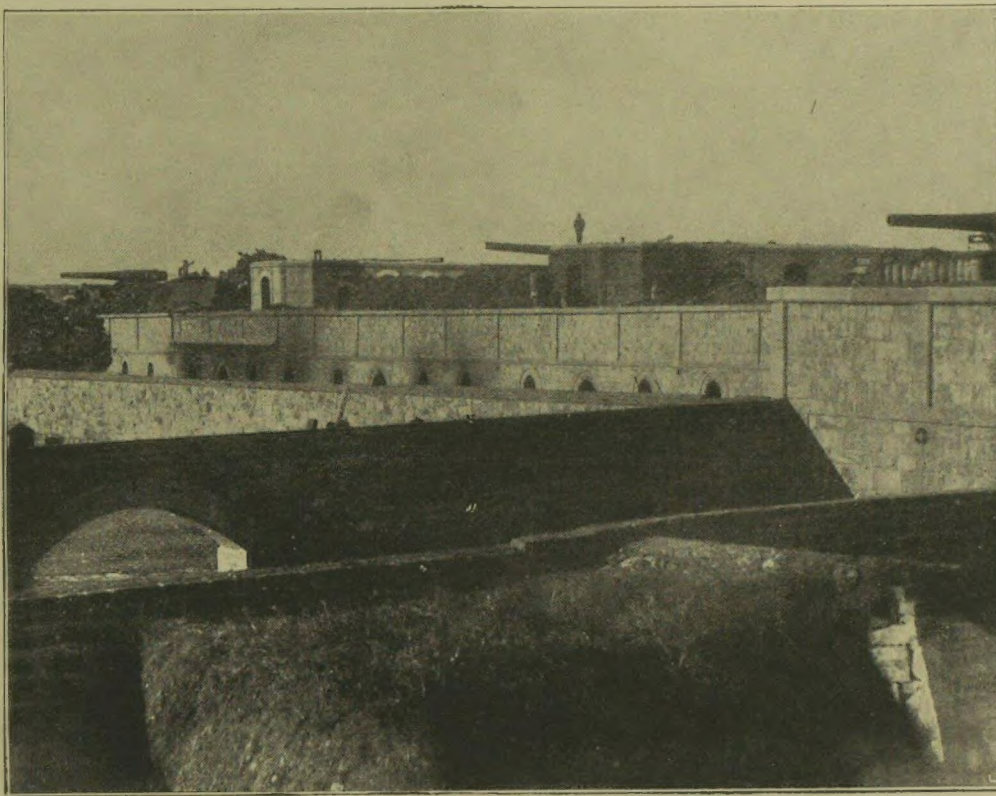
Spain and the United States of America, on the brink of war concerning that very serious and arduous undertaking, direct intervention on behalf of Cuban independence, which is passionately advocated with daily increasing force by a large American political party, against the wishes of President McKinley, would seem at this moment the most exciting topic of speculation in foreign affairs. It was stated on Monday that both nations had accepted the mediation of the Pope, but the report proved to be founded only on the fact that President McKinley had been sounded on the subject, and had welcomed the minor proposal of mediation between Spain and the Cubans with a view to an armistice. At Washington on Saturday, in the United States Senate, the sub-committee appointed to prepare a resolution for the standing committee on foreign relations to propose to the Senate adopted a report in favour of the recognition of the independence of Cuba and of war with Spain if it be refused by the Spanish Government, also declaring the disaster to the American war-ship *Maine*, in the harbour of Havana, to be a sufficient cause for war. The President's Message in reply, to be delivered this week, perhaps on Tuesday or Wednesday, has been anxiously expected, for it is with him and the Senate, jointly, that the power and responsibility of going to war is placed by the Constitution of the United States. On the side of Spain, with her present Liberal Government in the hands of Señor Sagasta, and with the known gentle though firm disposition of the Queen Regent, great efforts have of late been sincerely made, but perhaps too late, to conciliate the insurgents in Cuba by granting a wide measure of Home Rule, practically administrative domestic independence, with representations in the Spanish Cortes at Madrid. It has also been promised that, upon the arrangement of an armistice, the homeless and destitute Cubans who have, many thousands in number, been driven from their homes and despoiled of their means of livelihood by the civil war raging fiercely in all parts of the island during three or four years past shall be relieved by the Spanish Government. Money to the amount of a quarter of a million sterling has recently been given for that purpose by Spain, partly in Government grants, partly by donations from Spaniards, and Marshal Blanco, the Governor of Cuba, has permitted refugee insurgents to return to their homes. But Spain requires that any application for the cessation of hostilities shall come from the Cuban revolutionary leaders themselves, not from the United States, whose official intervention is absolutely declined. Preparations for naval warfare are actively continued on both sides from day to day.

THE CHINESE QUESTION.

We have now the official publication at St. Petersburg, on March 29, of a circular despatched from the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, addressed to all Governments, stating that Port Arthur and Talien-Wan, with the adjacent territories and waters, have been ceded to Russia "in usufruct for a term of twenty-five years, which may be extended later," and there is the further concession to Russia of a railway to connect those ports with Siberia. The Chinese garrisons were withdrawn on March 28, and were replaced by Russian garrisons. British policy has already begun to take some steps with a view to compensating security for our own vast commercial interests in China. Sir Claude Macdonald, the British Minister at Peking, had repeated conferences up to Saturday last with the Chinese Ministers at the Tsung-li-Yamen. The nature of his demands must be conjectured from a consideration of what China has already yielded to other European Powers. It has probably been claimed that some ports or naval stations along the west coast of China, not far south of Shanghai, and near the entrance to the Yang-tse-Kiang, shall pass into British custody, as well as Wei-Hai-Wei, the naval port lately occupied by the Japanese at the north-west point of the Shantung province, just opposite to Port Arthur, at the entrance

to the Gulf of Pechili. With these positions occupied by Great Britain, and with the superior strength of our fleet, it would appear almost impossible for our actual trade and intercourse with those parts of China, which are the present field of British mercantile enterprise, to be unfairly affected by any foreign influence. The consent of the Chinese Government to the proposed railway extension from Burma into the Western provinces, to Yunnan, has already been obtained. The Japanese garrison is to quit Wei-Hai-Wei on payment by China of the stipulated war indemnity, and the Chinese Government on Saturday agreed to lease Wei-Hai-Wei to Great Britain. The British naval squadron, consisting of H.M.S. *Grafton*, flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Fitzgerald, the *Powerful*, *Narcissus*, *Rainbow*, and other ships, was at Chefoo; but these ships, with the Admiral in command, have now left Chefoo, apparently to cruise on the coast of Korea and on the east side of the Yellow Sea.

The British naval demonstration can hardly be regarded as meaning to oppose the execution of those Chinese concessions to Russia which have actually taken place, and in which the other European Powers have acquiesced, but rather as intended to support the British claim to equivalent concessions, both in the northern and the southern provinces; the latter especially, with the acquisition of a station for the British fleet near the Yang-tse-Kiang, being of far greater importance to our trade with the interior of China.



THE CHINESE QUESTION: BATTERY ON THE ISLAND OF LIU-KUNG-TAU, AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOUR OF WEI-HAI-WEI.

An important feature in the naval base secured by Great Britain at Wei-Hai-Wei is the island of Liu-Kung-Tau, at the entrance to the harbour of that station. This island, of which we give an Illustration, is strongly fortified and could easily be held against a large force if its garrison were acting in conjunction with the holders of the adjacent shores, as was proved in the hostilities between China and Japan.

THE NEW CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER.

A picturesque ceremony not frequently to be seen, and recalling in its old-world unreality something of Mr. Gilbert's delightful "Yeomen of the Guard," took place on Thursday of last week on Tower Green, the quadrangle of that Tower which, for so many centuries, has kept its "solemn watch and ward on London Town and its golden hoard." The occasion was the formal installing of General Sir Frederick C. A. Stephenson, G.C.B., in the ancient office of Constable of the Tower, rendered vacant by the death of Sir Daniel Lysons. The office dates from the reign of William the Conqueror, who appointed Geoffrey de Mandeville to hold it, but the age of the ritual observed is not definitely known. It was, however, in accordance with ancient custom that the new Constable was received by General Godfrey Clerk, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Lieutenant-General Milman, the Resident Governor. A detachment of Royal Artillery, followed by the 1st Battalion of the Coldstream Guards, formed up on the Tower Green in the three sides of a square, inside which the Yeomen of the Guard were drawn up. Within this quadrangle, after the reading aloud of the Royal Patent of Appointment, the scroll containing that patent and the golden keys of

the Tower gates, belonging to the Crown, were formally presented to the new Constable by the Earl of Pembroke, as Lord Steward. "God Save the Queen!" exclaimed the porter of the Yeomen Guard, and all the other Yeomen cried "Amen!" The troops presented arms, and the ceremony was accomplished.

THE GURKHA.

The Gurkha (writes our military correspondent, Lieutenant-Colonel Pulley) has never yet been shown to the public at home as he really appears. I have drawn this sketch from life, and it is a faithful likeness of the original as I caught him lounging against the wall of the entrenched camp. The 1st Batt. 3rd Gurkha Rifles have now been seven months in the field, having served from the beginning of the campaign in the Samana operations under the late General Yeatman Biggs. Their scouts have done much excellent work, and the battalion as a whole, belonging as it did to the 4th Brigade (General Westmacott's), has had its fair share of the fighting and hard work in this campaign. Yet the Gurkha, unrepresented as he was at the Diamond Jubilee, is to many in appearance an unknown quantity.

VILLAGE SKETCHES.

The village homes of England offer the artist an endless choice of scenes, either rich in historic interest or by their very character bound up in conjectured association with

times and deeds that went to the making of history. Even where no more clearly defined or ampler figures repeople the scene, village Hampdens and mute, inglorious Miltons, at the least, seem conjured up by such glimpses of old-world cottago architecture as our artist has here chosen from the three fair counties of Kent, Worcester, and Devon. The village of Chiddingstone, for which Kent is here laid under contribution, lies less than two miles from Sir Philip Sidney's Penshurst. It takes its name from a "Chiding Stone," a weather-beaten mass of sandstone eighteen feet high, which stands at the back of the village, and is the centre of several quaint local traditions. The village is remarkable for the excellent state of preservation of its many old gabled and timbered houses. Norton, near the juncture of Worcestershire with Warwickshire, has often been known in the past as Abbots Norton, having originally formed part of the estate of the great abbey of Evesham. Harvington, another old-world Worcestershire village, is now chiefly interesting for its close adjoining

of Cleeve Prior, the fruitful field of the hunter after Roman relics.

Cockington, near Tor Bay, was formerly a most primitive little Devon village, but is now fast becoming a residential suburb of the town of Torquay. Its gabled houses remain to it, and are likely to do so. Although our other Devon village, Otterton, has not incurred the same fate, it has lately been brought more into touch with modern life by the opening up of the new line from Tipton to Budleigh Salterton.

ST. CECILIA.

(See Supplement.)

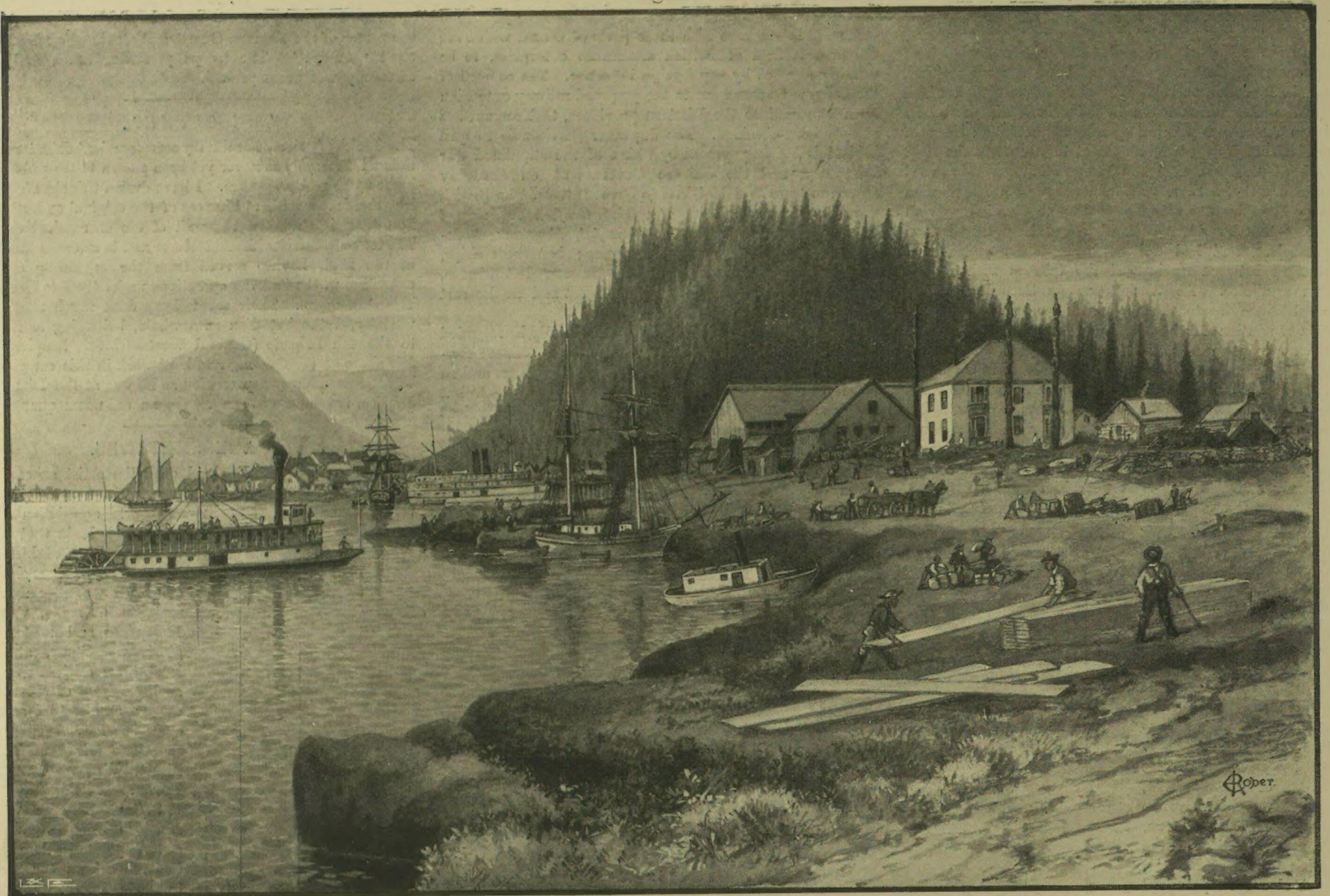
Dryden has summed up for all time the position of St. Cecilia, inventress and patron saint of the organ, in the musical hierarchy, and readers of his stately ode, "Alexander's Feast," will scarcely need to be reminded how—

... long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute,

the flute, the lyre, and other instruments could exercise a potent sway over the soul of man, but how at last the divine Cecilia—

Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,

and whereas the art of old Timotheus had but raised a mortal to the skies, "she drew an angel down." In the picture reproduced as our Supplement to-day, the artist has not been content to show but one heavenly visitant. Legendary lore, however, is no strict respecter of detail, and it may well be held that the first angel attracted earthwards by Cecilia's art was but the forerunner of many.



ON THE WAY TO KLONDIKE: FORT WRANGEL, AT THE MOUTH OF THE STIKINE RIVER.

DRAWN BY EDWARD ROPER.

This settlement stands in United States territory, Alaska. Sea-going vessels cannot proceed farther up the river than this point. Passengers and cargo must here be transhipped into stern-wheeled steamers, drawing very little water, which alone can ascend the Stikine to Glenora or Telegraph Creek, 150 miles up, and in Canadian territory, from which point the proposed railway is to be constructed to Lake Teslin, also a distance of about 150 miles. The Stikine River is clear of all ice and navigable only for about four months of the year.



INSTALLATION OF THE NEW CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER, GENERAL SIR FREDERICK C. A. STEPHENSON, G.C.B.: THE CEREMONY ON TOWER GREEN.

From a Photograph by Ball, Regent Street.



USHERING IN THE JEWISH SABBATH.

DRAWN BY ISAAC SNOWMAN.

Shortly before sunset on Friday evening the Jewish housewife ushers in the Sabbath by the kindling of its particular lights. With hands held over the candles and closed eyes she pronounces the benediction "Blessed art Thou, O Lord God, who hast commanded us to kindle the lights of the Sabbath." This ceremony brings to a close the additional toil which the preparation for the Sabbath entails upon the zealous mistress of a household, and inaugurates the Day of Rest. The lighting of the Sabbath is distinguished from most Jewish ritual in the fact that it devolves upon the woman. The duty is applauded by the husband on his return home by the reciting of the passage from the book of Proverbs on the virtues of the industrious woman.

THE ADVANCE IN THE SOUDAN.

All last week passed in the Soudan without the expected battle, Sir Herbert Kitchener's army, with its headquarters at Ras Hudi, keeping its positions along the Atbara, while the enemy's main force, under Mahmoud's command, was strongly entrenched in the bush near El Hilgi, about eighteen miles distant. General Hunter, on March 29 and the following day, with eight squadrons of cavalry, a battery of Horse Artillery, and four Maxim guns, supported by two battalions of Egyptian infantry and a battery of machine-guns at Abadar, after driving away some Dervish horsemen, made a reconnaissance of the enemy's position. It was found to extend over three miles, from Nakheila to Fahada, and to be protected by rifle-pits with a thick zureba or enclosing hedge of brushwood; in the centre was a small hill, with three tiers of entrenchments, held by spearmen. Since the capture and destruction of the enemy's forts on the Nile at Shendy, opposite Metemneh, on March 26, by Captain Keppel's gun-boats aiding Major Hickman's battalion of Egyptian troops, the situation of the Dervishes' army towards the Atbara has become desperate, being effectually cut off from Omdurman, and deprived of its supplies of food. Large quantities of grain, ammunition, cattle, horses, mules, and camels, with over six hundred prisoners, were taken at Shendy. It is rumoured that Osman Digna, who is second in command to Mahmoud, has been urging upon him in vain the expediency of retiring in a south-east direction to Adarama, for the sake of feeding his army; but it is almost as perilous for him to retreat as to advance. A decisive conflict within the next few days can scarcely be avoided.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Cimiez, with Princess Christian and Princess Henry of Battenberg, has been visited by the other members of the royal family lately staying at different places on the Riviera. On Friday, April 1, the Queen and the two Princesses drove to Villefranche and went on board H.M.S. *Surprise*, which lay at the quay of the inner harbour, to visit her son, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, who was, since his arrival from Malta, still ailing in health; the Queen stayed with him about an hour. Lord and Lady Salisbury, at La Bastide, Beaulieu, were honoured on Saturday with a visit of her Majesty and the two Princesses. The Prince of Wales visited Prince Alfred on Saturday, and was with the Queen and royal family at the Sunday morning service in the private chapel of her residence. The Duchess of York has left Mentone on her return home.

A Levée was held on March 31 at St. James's Palace on behalf of the Queen by his Royal Highness the Duke of York, accompanied by Prince Christian and the Duke of Cambridge. A Drawing-Room will be held by the Queen at Buckingham Palace on May 10.

In the House of Commons the Prisons Bill was read a second time after a strong suggestion from Mr. Asquith that a special inquiry should be made into the charges of improper dietary and of punishment which caused insomnia. Sir Matthew Ridley admitted that some improvement of the food of prisoners might be necessary. Mr. William Redmond made a violent protest against the imprisonment of a gunner on board of one of her Majesty's ships for refusing to remove the shamrock which he was wearing on St. Patrick's Day. The Speaker reprimanded Mr. Redmond, who was eventually conducted out of the House by the Sergeant-at-Arms.

The election for the Wallingford or East Berkshire County Division resulted in the return of Captain Oliver Young, the Conservative candidate, by a majority of 1036 over Mr. G. W. Palmer.

The London County Council has elected the Earl of Meath, Sir Algernon West, and Mr. T. B. Westacott to be Aldermen of the County Council. Lord Onslow has retired from the leadership of the Moderate party.

At a dinner of the Royal Colonial Institute on March 30 the Duke of Cambridge presided, and the Duke of Fife made a statement of his views in retiring from the Board of Directors of the British South Africa Company. He thought such companies ought to attend simply to the shareholders' business, and leave the administration of the territories to the Imperial Government. Earl Grey expressed his disagreement with this view, from his late experience as a director administering in Matabililand. Mr. Cecil Rhodes, with Dr. Rutherford Harris, arrived in England on Saturday.

A dinner to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of the independence of the Kingdom of Greece, on March 29, at the Westminster Palace Hotel, was presided over by Lord Wantage, and was attended by several members of Parliament. Mr. Gladstone sent a message of best wishes for Greece. The Convention for the guarantee of the Greek loan by Great Britain, Russia, and France has been signed in Paris, and has been ratified with a vote of national gratitude by the Greek Chamber at Athens.

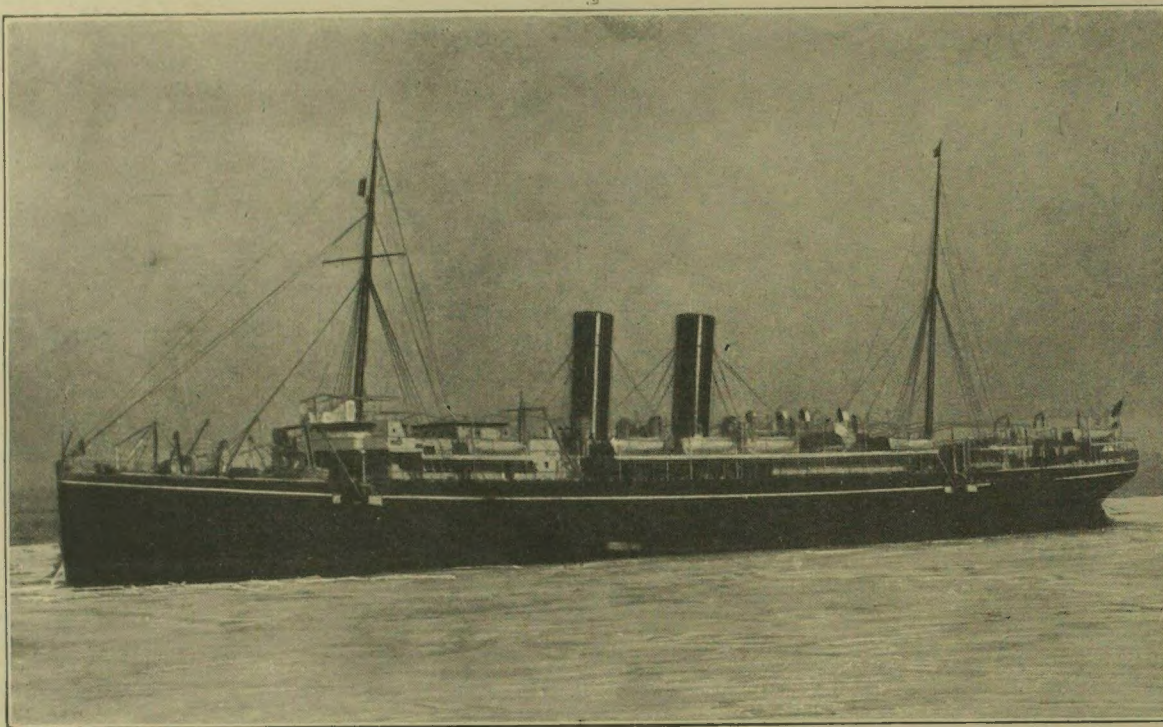
An official report by Sir Ralph Moor, Commissioner and Consul-General, on the affairs of the Niger Coast Protectorate last year shows that the European population did not exceed 214 persons, including sixteen women, and that twenty-one died and thirty-five were invalided and sent home during the year. The total revenue was £112,440, derived from Customs duties, chiefly on spirits. The land forces, numbering fifteen officers and 450 men, with six guns, cost £17,412, and the marine forces £17,608, which were to be much augmented. This portion of our colonial dominions can benefit nobody in England but a very few traders, whose large importation of spirits has a questionable look.

The North Sea squadron of the French fleet has been assembled at Cherbourg and Brest, and has been cruising in the British Channel. The torpedo-boat *Ariel* was accidentally sunk by a collision, but the crew were saved. H.M.S. *Gossamer*, cruiser, has been stationed at Kinsale to watch the Irish coast as far as Cork Harbour.

A strike of the Welsh colliery men has broken out, with a demand to abolish the sliding scale for wages, especially in the Neath and Merthyr and Rhondda Valley districts; sixty thousand men have stopped work.

The Eiffel iron tower under construction at New Brighton, on the Cheshire shore at the entrance to the Mersey, was partially destroyed on Friday night by a fire attacking a wooden scaffolding platform 180 feet above ground. One fireman was killed by falling from a great height.

The prospect of saving the P. and O. steam-ship *China*, which was recently stranded off Perim, and rescuing the bulk of her cargo, was considered eminently promising at the beginning of the week, subject to favourable weather. When news of the disaster arrived, arrangements were promptly made for the despatch of the steamer *Ancona* from Bombay and of the *Berthilde* from Constantinople, with all possible salvage equipment. The latter vessel belongs to the Nordischer Bergnugs Verein, and the same



THE P. AND O. STEAM-SHIP "CHINA,"
RECENTLY STRANDED OFF THE ISLAND OF PERIM, NEAR THE ENTRANCE TO THE RED SEA.

company has since despatched another salvage-steamer, which passed Port Said on its way to Perim last Saturday. The Neptune Company's salvage-steamer *Herakles* also entered the Canal on Sunday last on the same purpose. The rescued passengers are expected to reach England at the end of this week.

The French Court of Cassation at Paris has annulled, in its judgment on appeal, the conviction of M. Emile Zola and his publisher, and the sentence of twelve months' imprisonment passed upon him for the libel on the French military authorities with regard to the court-martial case of Captain Dreyfus. The Court of Cassation finds that the prosecution of M. Zola legally ought not to have been instituted by the Minister of War, but by the officers who formed the court-martial. They may possibly get another trial of the alleged libel.

More information has been received of the native insurrection in the Karene and Port Lokko districts of the Sierra Leone territory, noticed last week. The insurgents were repulsed at both those places on March 5 and the next day, and Major Morris, on the 10th, reported that the country was becoming peaceful. Colonel Marshall, with troops of the West India Regiment, Artillery, and Engineers, had taken command on the death of Colonel Bosworth.

The mutinous Soudanese troops of Uganda who revolted in Major Macdonald's expedition have been pursued and overtaken by Captain Harrison, and were severely punished in a desperate fight on Feb. 28, after which the remnant of them were driven into the swamps around Lake Kioga. Some apprehension is still felt lest the deposed King Mwanga should get assistance from Kabba Regga, the King of Unyoro, to create further disturbances in the Uganda Protectorate.

There is a rumour in Germany that a military force of the Congo Free State, numbering three thousand, has occupied the fortified stations and towns of Dufile, Rejat, and Gondokoro, on the Upper White Nile, formerly held by Emin Pasha, and previously by General Gordon and Sir Samuel Baker for the Egyptian Government.

PERSONAL.

The portraits at the Royal Academy and the New Gallery promise to be the strongest feature of the exhibitions this year. Mr. Sargent has several interesting portraits of women, and Mr. Shannon has surpassed himself in a presentment of Lady Henry Bentinck. Mr. Oulless has had a particularly busy year; but, as before, Professor Hubert Herkomer has far exceeded the painters who confined themselves to portraits in the number and size of his canvases in this department of his art. His portraits of General Booth and of Mr. Tate were ranked by private viewers last Saturday and Sunday as among his successes.

A great decline in interest on the part of "private viewers" has been observable this year. This is perhaps partly due to the death of Lord Leighton, for no studio has taken the place of his as a centre of attraction on such occasions. But it is also owing to the dislike which some painters themselves have developed for the private view, with its rather fatiguing duties and its exactions of tea for a crowd that is not composed entirely of invited friends. One painter at least has fled from the scene this year—Mr. Stanhope Forbes, A.R.A. Formerly he brought his pictures from Newlyn in time to expose them to troops of friends, but this year they have gone straight from his Cornish home to Burlington House; and he and his wife, almost equally well known as a charming artist, have crossed the Channel to bicycle to Chartres.

Sir George Lewis has "taken off his coat" to do battle with the usurer, and there is no doubt that the hour as well as man has arrived for the tilt. Sir George, whose experience of the ways of money-lenders has been gathered from a long series of clients, does not hesitate to name those whom he considers offenders in chief. Sir George cites the part of the money-lender in the Sykes case, and also in the instance of another lady, whose name has not got into the papers, but is well known in Society, and who, after borrowing at 60 per cent., "put into circulation a

forged promissory note for £20,000." In another transaction known to Sir George, a rich Australian undergraduate at Cambridge gave a money-lender promissory notes for £1500 in return for a loan of £550: "I do not remember whether wholly in cash, or part cash or part pieces of jewellery." Anyway, the interest amounted to £800 per cent. Sir George Lewis is not, perhaps, uninfluenced in his crusade by the fact that many of the money-lenders are—at least, nominally—his co-religionists, and he is naturally anxious to remind the world that the Judaic law was more severe against usury than even the law of England is.

The arrangements for a fast line of mail and passenger steamers from England to Canada are making good progress. Mr. Dobell, a Canadian Minister, is here to superintend, and it is hoped that before a year is gone a five days' voyage will take the traveller from Liverpool to Quebec. Canada complains that now the visitor comes

by way of New York, where he spends all his money, and then economises when he finally reaches "Our Lady of the Snows." They have determined to change all that; and the Tyne will shortly re-echo with the sounds of labour in the shipbuilding yards in preparation for what is likely to be a very popular passage to both Englishmen and Canadians.

The bugle notes that sounded the famous charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava have been once more "in the air" of late. On March 27 there died at Lichfield, at the age of eighty-five, the veteran John Browne who, as Field Trumpeter of the 17th Lancers, bore the proud distinction of having been one of the regimental trumpeters who took up the call for the memorable "Light Cavalry Charge" from the late Trumpet-Major Joy, Staff-Trumpeter to the Earl of Lucan, then in command of the cavalry in the Crimea, and, by a curious coincidence, the last day of the month witnessed the sale by auction of the actual bugle with which Trumpet-Major Joy sounded the order for the "gallop" and "charge." Trumpeter John Browne was a native of Nottingham, and was born in the year of Waterloo. His father was Band-Sergeant of the 6th Inniskillen Dragoons, a regiment in which the same family of Browne had then been represented for four generations back. Originally apprenticed to a bootmaker, he was true to his ancestry, and enlisted in the 17th Lancers in the year before the Queen's accession to the throne. In the Crimean War, he won the medal and four bars for Alma, Inkerman, Balaclava, and Sebastopol. He also had the Turkish medal, and, for conspicuous bravery, was decorated with the Legion of Honour. The regiment went to Ireland on its return from the Crimea, and after eleven months was ordered to India and took part with the Central India Field Force in quelling the Mutiny. Browne was present at the capture and execution of Tantia Topee, a rebel leader. He received the Indian medal for this campaign and retired from the regiment, after a service of twenty-five years, in 1861. In the same year he was appointed Trumpeter to the Anglesey Troop (Burton-on-Trent) of the Queen's Own Staffordshire Yeomanry, the present Marquis of Anglesey (then Lord Henry Paget)

being Captain. One of his sons is now retired from the Army, after thirty years of service as Bandmaster to the Royal Dublin Fusiliers; and another has a record of twenty-five years as Sergeant of the Royal Engineers Band. Mr. Browne's funeral at Lichfield, with full military honours, was a most impressive ceremony.

Trumpet-Major H. Joy, who, as Staff-Trumpeter to Lord Lucan, gave the first signal for "the great act of military obedience," died five years ago after a long and honourable career, of which his medals and testimonials, sold with his bugle last week, bear ample proof. Upon the bugle itself, that small instrument so big with fate on that memorable twenty-fifth of October, stands inscribed the legend: "Presented by the Colonel of the 17th Lancers to Trumpet-Major Joy: on which the Balacava Charge was sounded, Oct. 25, 1854." The officers of the regiment desired to present Joy with a silver trumpet in exchange for the old one; but he preferred the trumpet that had made history. Some officers of the 17th Lancers have erected a handsome memorial to Joy in Chiswick Parish Churchyard.

General Sir Frederick Charles Arthur Stephenson, G.C.B., who was formally installed as Constable of the Tower in succession to the late General Sir Daniel Lyons, was born in 1821, and received his commission in the year of the Queen's accession. He served in the Crimean War and throughout the Chinese Campaign of 1857-61, and after distinguishing himself in various actions and winning his promotions, was appointed Commanding Officer for the Home District in 1876, a post which he held for three years. In 1883 he was entrusted with the command of the forces in Egypt, and retained that office till 1888, when he retired.

The world of sport has lost a constant patron by the sudden death of the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire after a very brief illness. Henry Charles Howard, eighteenth Earl of Suffolk, Viscount Andover, Baron Howard of Charlton, and Earl of Berkshire, was the eldest son of the seventeenth Earl of Suffolk, who married a daughter of the late Lord Henry Howard. On his mother's side, the late Earl was thus a great-nephew of the twelfth Duke of Norfolk, a relationship which takes added interest from the fact that the first Earl of Suffolk, created by James I. in 1603, was a son of the then Duke of Norfolk. Born in 1833, the late Earl, while still Viscount Andover, represented the borough of Malmesbury in Parliament as a Liberal for nine years from 1859. He also became a Captain in the Gloucestershire Militia, a Justice of the Peace, and, more recently, a Wiltshire County Councillor. He took an active interest, indeed, in various phases of local life around his fine property of Charlton Park, near Malmesbury, and he was a very keen all-round sportsman. He was at different periods steward of the Jockey Club and of the National Hunt, and made many contributions to sporting literature. "The Encyclopædia of Sport," now being published in numbers by Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen, bears his name as editor-in-chief.

The vacant Mastership of Selwyn College, Cambridge, has been filled by the election of the Rev. Canon A. F. Kirkpatrick, D.D., Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University. Canon Kirkpatrick has had a distinguished career at Cambridge. He was second in the Classical Tripos of 1871 and was subsequently elected a Fellow of Trinity College.

Arthur Orton has joined the choir of immortal impostors. He died miserably at last in a little street off Marylebone Road after suffering some years of poverty. There was a time when he was a "safe draw" in an American side show, many people of democratic sentiments regarding him

as a baronet done out of his rights. The same idea prevailed strongly in Britain for some time, and not exclusively among the poor and lowly. Orton at the beginning of his astonishing career was befriended by nobility and gentry. He obtained a remarkable hold not only over the mind of Roger Tichborne's mother, but also over many of Tichborne's friends and some shrewd men of the world. He received large sums of money to prosecute his case, and he enjoyed the special advantage of a prolonged study of the ground before opening the campaign. Orton was the son of a butcher at Wapping, and had spent some years at Wagga Wagga in Australia, where he conceived the idea of personating Roger Tichborne, who was lost in the *Bella* some time previously.

Arriving in England in 1866, he proceeded to examine the conditions of young Tichborne's domestic and military life, and he was aided in these researches by men who knew Tichborne well, and nevertheless accepted the butcher's son in good faith. The great trial began in

appointed to the vicarage of All Saints, Blackrock, and held that living down to the day of his death. He was elected to the professorial chair of Ecclesiastical History at Dublin in 1883, and three years later became chief keeper of Primate Marsh's Library. For the past five years he had also been a Canon of St. Patrick's Cathedral. His valuable contributions to the historical literature of the Church include "Ireland and the Celtic Church," "Ireland and the Anglo-Norman Church," "The Greek in Gaul and Western Europe down to A.D. 700," "The Acts of the Apostles," and a number of important articles in "Smith's Dictionary of Christian Biography."

The recent death of George Barrett has been followed curiously soon by that of another well-known jockey, T. J. Calder, who succumbed to an acute attack of pleurisy at Newmarket last week. Calder, who was thirty-one years old, gained his early experience with Weaver, of Pourton-on-the-Hill, and won his first race as a lad of seventeen. Since then he had become a familiar figure on the racecourse, being associated in recent years with the well-known colours of Sir J. Blundell Maple. He reached his highest total of victories in 1894, when he rode no less than eighty-four winning horses. His record for last year was sixty-six.

Lord and Lady De La Warr have arrived at the Manor House, Bexhill, for Easter, and will remain there for some months.

The number of deaths that have occurred in the peerage within the last few days is unusually large. On April 2 three Earls—Cawdor, Strathford, and Suffolk—were buried, and next day Lord Hillingdon expired in church. Though the new Lord Suffolk is a minor, the number of peers who have not attained their majority remains unaffected, for Baron Berwick celebrated his twenty-first birthday on April 1.

Mr. Morrison, the Peking correspondent of the *Times*, who has scored so heavily in the present crisis, has just lost his father, Principal Morrison, of Geelong. The Morrisons have distinguished themselves as educationists. They come from Elginshire.

The theatre world has been strangely silent since the beginning of the year. The critics, however, have now a good look out, for nineteen fixtures are down for the next few weeks; beginning to-night with "The Heart of Maryland" at the Adelphi. No fewer than four American plays will be produced within the next month.

The new volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography"—it is the fifty-fourth—goes down to Stovin, and deals mainly with the Stanhopes, the Stanleys, the Stephens (by Mr. Leslie Stephen), and the Stewarts. Mr. Sidney Lee writes at some length on Sterne, and Mr. Austin Dobson on Steele.

The Viceroy of India, Lord Elgin, in the Legislative Council at Calcutta on March 28, spoke warmly of the injurious aspersions cast upon the Indian Government and its military advisers with reference to their undertaking the late North-West Frontier War, and the alleged mismanagement and failure of its operations, which he entirely denied.

The gracious interest in her wounded and disabled soldiers manifested by the Queen on the occasion of her recent visit to Netley Hospital has taken practical form in the presentation by her Majesty to the hospital of a number of artificial limbs and invalid appliances of various kinds by the best makers. Four specially constructed invalid coaches, made by Mr. John Carter, the well-known surgical engineer, of New Cavendish Street, have been amongst the first of these valuable additions to the resources of the hospital.



Photo Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE EARL OF SUFFOLK AND BERKSHIRE,
Viscount Andover and Baron Howard of Charlton.



Photo Ball, Regent Street.
GENERAL SIR FREDERICK C. A. STEPHENSON, G.C.B.,
New Constable of the Tower.

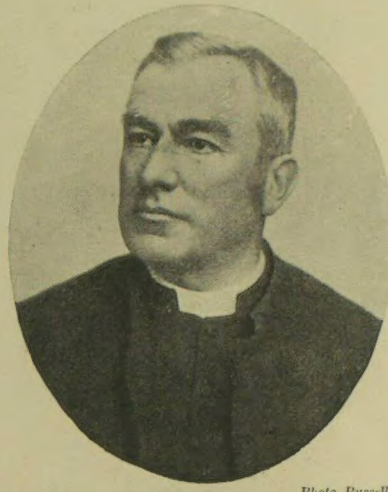


Photo Russell.
THE LATE REV. GEORGE T. STOKES, D.D.,
Professor of Ecclesiastical History, Dublin.



Photo London Stereoscopic Co.
THE LATE ARTHUR ORTON,
The Tichborne Claimant.

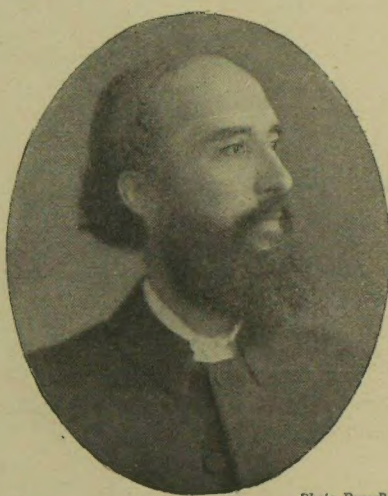


Photo Russell.
THE REV. CANON A. F. KIRKPATRICK, D.D.,
New Master of Selwyn.

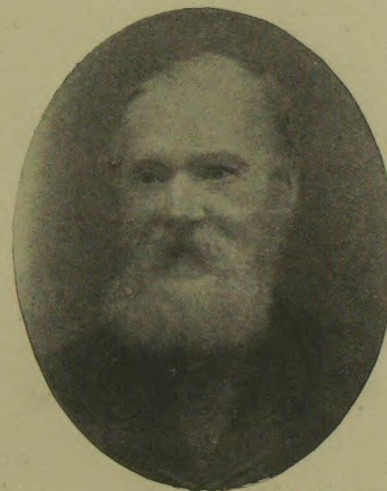


Photo Nicholls, Lichfield.
THE LATE TRUMPETER JOHN BROWNE,
Trumpeter to the 17th Lancers at Balacava.



THE LATE TRUMPET-MAJOR HENRY JOY,
Who Sounded the Charge of the Light Brigade.



Photo Esherborn, Newmarket.
THE LATE MR. T. J. CALDER,
Jockey.

1872, and lasted many months. Despite his imperfect education, Orton showed considerable acuteness, and his cross-examination by Sir John, afterwards Lord, Coleridge, did not appreciably discourage his supporters. The tide turned against him when he made disgraceful imputations against Lady Radcliffe, Roger Tichborne's cousin. Non-suited by the jury, he was tried for perjury, defended by the eccentric Dr. Kenealy, and sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude. Dr. Kenealy was returned to the House of Commons by the indignant Ortonites of Stoke-upon-Trent, but did not long survive this distinction. Gradually the butcher-baronet's following melted away; but there are probably a good many people still who have their doubts.

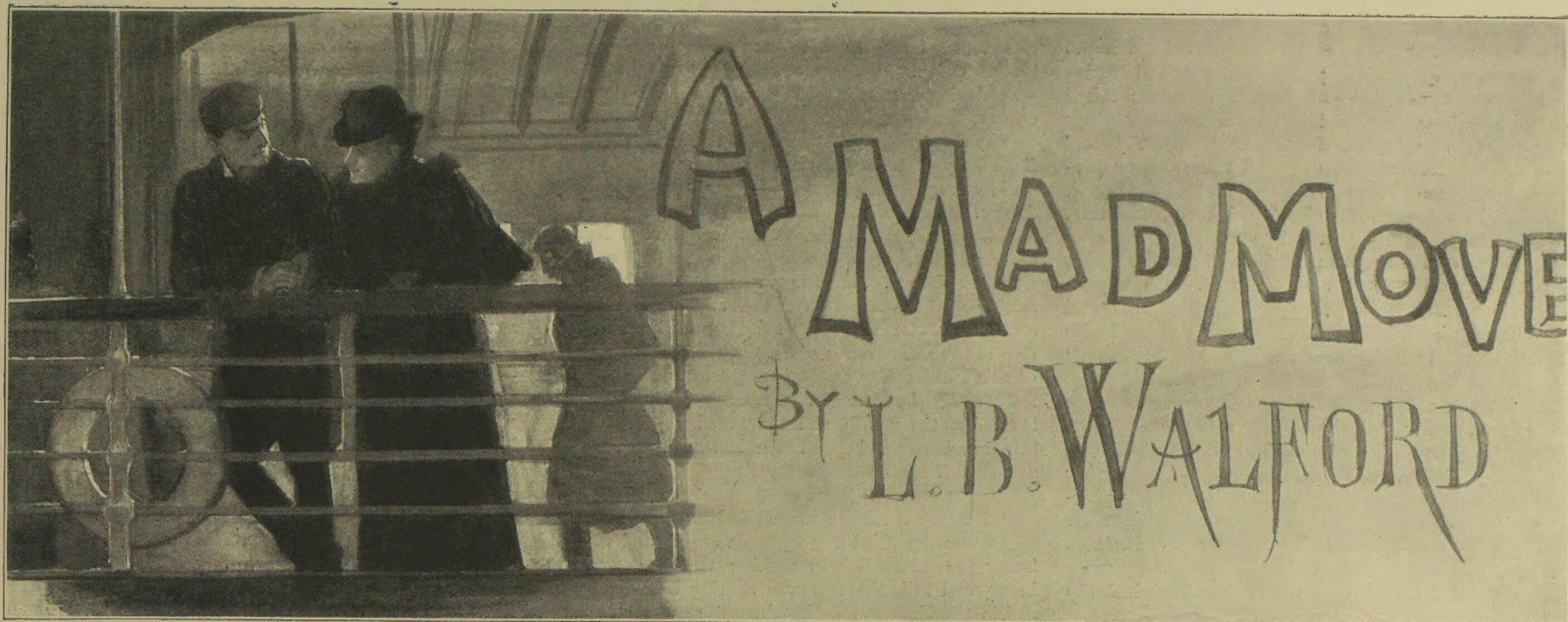
A scholarly man of keen antiquarian interests, and a writer gifted with that rare possession of the historian, lucidity, has passed away in the person of the Rev. George Thomas Stokes, D.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Dublin. Born fifty-five years ago, and educated at Galway and at Trinity College, Dublin, the future historian eventually took holy orders, and found his first curacy at Dunkerrin, Killaloe, in 1866. After holding a second curacy at St. Patrick's, Newry, he was



THE SOUDAN ADVANCE: "HEY! HO! SALADIN!" A MARCHING SONG OF THE SOUDANESE.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.

The scene here depicted shows the Sirdar and his staff on a little prominence in the distance inspecting the troops on the march. Great enthusiasm is displayed. The native officers, backing their chargers among the soldiers, encourage them in singing and shouting for the Sirdar.



ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

"I THINK you are all three perfectly mad," said Lady Susan, rising to her feet.

Up to that moment she had been seated in the centre of the group, by turns addressing one or other of the "all three" thus collectively condemned; but flesh and blood could no longer be contained in a comfortable arm-chair. Flesh and blood had done their utmost—and done it in vain.

"You are perfectly mad," continued she, standing up; then, after a pause, "and you, Octavia, maddest of all."

Octavia, with a start and a flush, let loose the syllable which was almost but not quite the expected interrogation, then resolutely closed her parted lips; she would not, no, not for worlds, inquire why she was the maddest; she knew already. She was not, however, to escape.

"Yes, you are," proceeded her aunt angrily; "you, with your looks, your advantages—you, my niece—for whom I have done so much, and am willing to do more—whom I thought about to reward me—"

Another start and flush: it was time to close the scene.

"I say," interposed a soft voice, but gentle as were its accents, Lady Susan—the domineering, brow-beating Lady Susan, who bullied every soul within her reach, and led her lady companion the life of a dog—turned to listen: "I say, Aunt," drawled the man of the house slowly, "shall I ask for your carriage?"

There was a dead silence in the room. And it might have been seen, had anyone cared to see, that Lady Susan Arlington's thin lips twitched, and into her cold eyes there stole a moisture, betraying that she felt and understood her humiliation. In her own way she loved her nephew, and she was being turned out of his house.

An hour before she had driven to the door, her bosom afire with indignation, and yet conscious of a kindlier warmth beneath; she had meant to snub and scold—and no vixen of a washerwoman had a sharper edge to her tongue than this descendant of many Earls—but in the event of reducing her auditors to a proper frame of mind, her Ladyship was prepared with a trump card closely concealed in her sleeve.

And the whole thing, trump card and all, had fallen absolutely flat!

In her dismay at seeing how things were going she had produced it hurriedly, before its time, and drawn her breath in a spasm of anxiety and trepidation as it lay untouched upon the table; but when it appeared that her worst fears were to be realised, and that no one intended then or thereafter to pick it up—that, in short, her offer to adopt a penniless niece was being declined with scarce a "Thank you"—Lady Susan Arlington could scarcely believe her senses.

And the next thing, she was alone with her mortification and her bitter disappointment.

It must have vent: she flew to her dearest friend, with whom, as it chanced, she had no quarrel at the moment, and poured forth—

"I do assure you, my dear, they are going to do it, those foolish, foolish people. The mother was always a perfect simpleton. My poor brother was completely taken in by her; and it is she, I doubt not, who is at the bottom of it all; she completely rules the roast still. But the idea that because Bertie has obtained a post in America he must needs drag his mother and sister out with him (not that I mind my sister-in-law's going; that I consider no bad thing)—but for Octavia it is absolute suicide! Oh, my dear Jane! I had hoped for something so different. There is—ahem! such a nice young man—"

The Duchess nodded. She knew—everyone knew—who Lady Susan's nice young man was.

"So devoted! On the very brink of proposing! I am sure of it." The speaker pressed nearer, and there was no mistaking the sincerity of a woman who for once was sincere. "From the first he was struck with Octavia; well, she is a lovely girl, you know—"

The Duchess nodded again, her eyes twinkling.

"They met at my house, and I was so pleased. I invited him again immediately—invited him on every possible occasion. And it really was rather troublesome, for I could not always get Octavia to come. They live in such a ridiculously out-of-the-way part; my coachman detests driving me there, for the roads are always being repaired; and those dreadful steam-rollers about—I do think—"

"So you could not always get Octavia?" It was necessary to bring the narrator back to her point.

"Make yourself easy, my dear; the name was no revelation to me."

"And you do feel for me?"

"When I know what I am to feel."

"I thought I had explained. They are all three, Mrs. George Arlington, Herbert, and Octavia, off to New York in a fortnight, to settle there: Herbert, because he has an opening—so he calls it; I daresay he could have had an 'opening' here in London if he had tried; but young men are so perverse; nothing is good enough for them unless they can get away to the ends of the earth: then he insists on taking his mother and sister out to make a home for him—another of his wild ideas."

"I thought you imputed it to the mother?"

"My dear Jane, I don't know what I imputed, or what I have said, or am saying, I am so upset. And I must



"I think you are all three perfectly mad," said Lady Susan, rising to her feet.

"She took to making excuses. But I was determined to have no nonsense of that kind. So I told her mother; and what do you think the silly creature said? That 'if a man cared to seek her daughter she was always to be found in her own home.' Did you ever hear anything more absurd? Besides, to tell the truth, I doubt whether Sir Robert—hum, ha!—but you guessed who it was, I daresay? His attentions were sufficiently marked. Still, I did not mean to let slip the name."

say," proceeded Lady Susan, starting a fresh grievance, "that if you could remember my laying the whole of this mad move at Mrs. Arlington's door, I scarcely understand your affecting not to know why you should feel for me. You really are a Job's comforter, my dear, I must say."

"And I never felt more Job-ish," said the Duchess, laughing. "Good gracious, Susan, you have no one but yourself to thank for this. You have mismanaged the whole affair—mismanaged it abominably. Oh! don't ask

me how; I never enter into details. Still," relenting somewhat in view of the rueful countenance before her, "if it is any comfort to you, my dear, I do feel for you—in a certain degree. The marriage would have been a very suitable one; young men of Sir Robert's kind are not to be met with every day, and you certainly worked hard—ahem! you did your best—oh, don't be offended; this is quite between ourselves, and surely we two may speak freely to each other," as the victim winced. ("But then," as the Duchess observed afterwards, "it was my only opportunity. And really Susan Arlington had been so blatant, and would have crowed so insufferably if she had won, that, though I own it was mean to turn like Æsop's ass when the poor thing was 'down' already, I felt she must be taught for once that we were not all blindfold. The way in which she hawked about that pretty niece of hers, and thrust her down Sir Robert Sudbury's very throat! No wonder he backed out, however ready he had been to fall in love at the first.") And enough of this undercurrent of thought was manifest in the speaker's dryness of tone during the interview just recorded to make apologies for speaking freely not only unnecessary, but superfluous.

"Well, good-bye," concluded the Duchess, kissing her friend cautiously—as is desirable betwixt elderly playmates. "Good-bye, Susan; and I—yes, I do feel for you, my dear, but"—with rising energy and a Parthian shaft—"I feel much more for Octavia."

How Octavia would have tossed her head had she heard!

For Octavia was now in the finest spirits imaginable; enchanted at having put the enemy to rout (I grieve to say it was in this light that the ungrateful young creature regarded her autocratic relative), and overflowing with joyous anticipations and prognostications.

She was thankful the interview was over and done with. Beforehand she had, she owned, rather looked forward to Aunt Susan's horror, and the outcry she would make: she had suffered too severely beneath her aunt's roof, had undergone too many humiliations there, not to feel a glow of triumph at the thought of breaking loose from its loathed trammels, and standing erect and scornful, a free agent, before her tyrant.

Possibly Lady Susan had meant well; she supposed people could do and say the cruellest things and yet mean well—but, oh, the misery she had at times endured! and what joy to think she need never again cross the threshold of the corner house in Upper Brook Street!

But when it came to the actual moment Octavia was in an agony. What might not Lady Susan say? What, in the heat of the moment, might she not let escape? And there had been one terrible sensation of being on the very brink of the precipice—and then Bertie, dear boy, had intervened only just in time!

Bertie's intervening had been effectual; the fur and velvet mantle had vanished through the doorway; and Octavia could not make enough of such an act of valour.

"Was not it glorious, splendid?" cried she. "What is it that soldiers receive the V.C. for? Conspicuous gallantry on the field of battle? Mother, please bestow on your son a mental V.C., for he is worthy to receive it. I never—no, I never saw my poor aunt—" She suddenly stopped. "Poor thing, I believe she was actually crying?" she murmured interrogatively.

Soon afterwards she left the room.

"I suppose it is all right, mother?"

Lady Susan Arlington was not far wrong when she declared that her sister-in-law's influence was paramount in the small household. No one could help noticing how invariably both Herbert and Octavia turned for counsel or advice to the quiet figure in the low chair by the fire, nor how they, ardent, impulsive, and with all the fire of youth in their veins, still depended almost like children upon their mother's sympathy and leaned upon her judgment.

"All right? Oh yes, my dear boy," said she now, in cheerful accents. "There is nothing to discourage us because your aunt is averse to the prospect. She is not likely to understand business matters—"

"It's not that," said Bertie slowly. Then he drew a little closer. "I was thinking about Octavia," he added, after a moment's hesitation.

"About Octavia?"

"Does she care about that chap?" said Bertie, looking into the fire.

"You mean—? Of course I know whom you mean. But set your mind at rest; there is nothing to regret—nothing. Octavia has told me so herself. She might have cared for him once—"

"I am certain she did."

"But that is all over. She cannot endure to hear his name mentioned. I did just hint at it when this scheme was first proposed, and she asked me not to do so again. I think there is no doubt that her aunt—"

"Old fool that she is!"

"At any rate, we need have no more to do with her in our new life. There will be no incessant sending for Octavia, and Octavia miserable from not knowing whether to go or to stay, and almost always unhappy after being there. We have all been too long subject to Lady Susan—"

"Like toads under a harrow."

"And we are to be free at last. And the severance of old ties and associations will be the very making of us,"

continued Mrs. Arlington brightly. "In some ways it is painful; but we have each other, and we have already some friends awaiting us on the other side of the Atlantic. Do not for a moment imagine that either Octavia or I regret going. We intend to be as busy as bees and as merry as larks. Octavia is perfectly radiant at the idea."

Octavia was so radiant, so exuberant, that everyone who came to the house caught the infection.

She drew pictures of the unknown life before her which filled her young companions with envy.

It was springtime, and an English spring is chilly and dreary. Octavia would shudder in the cold February wind, and descend upon the clear still atmosphere of New York. She drank in every sort of information which came in her way, but she gave out as much as she absorbed. No one had ever seen a usually quiet girl so elated and demonstrative as Octavia Arlington during the last week of her stay in her native land; and no one suspected that a little of this hilarity might just possibly have been manufactured for the occasion. The little party sailed towards the end of the month, and the "mad move" which Lady Susan had secretly hoped to the last might never come off was *un fait accompli*.

"Go on deck, dear; never mind me."

It was the third day of the voyage, and although a heavy ground-swell was making the great ocean liner heave and roll, the sun was shining brightly overhead, and in the sheltered deck, where were assembled such of the passengers as had overcome or not experienced seasickness, there was not sufficient breath of wind to ruffle the pages of a book or uncurl the plumes of such ladies as chose to run the risk by adhering to their ordinary head-gear. Octavia had proved herself to be a good sailor from the first. Arrayed in a close-fitting cap and coat, she had walked and sat, leaned over the vessel's side to gaze upon the broad gleaming stretch of ocean, and endeavoured by studied vivacity and resolute interest in all that went on to impose not only on her mother and brother, but on herself.

Mrs. Arlington, too unwell to leave her cabin, though preferring solitude there, was amused by Octavia's accounts.

"I am quite comfortable as long as I lie down," said she; "but I cannot face the dressing and going about. How wonderful it is that you should be so well and bright, Octavia!"

Bertie, too, thought his sister an enviable personage. He could just manage to struggle on as far as the smoking-room; there he lay extended on a sofa, playing piquet—convinced that any sort of effort would inevitably lead to disaster. He sent to inquire how his female belongings were? And when told that Miss Arlington was perfectly well and enjoying herself up above, he emitted a grunt of disapprobation. It did not seem proper or befitting that his pretty sister should be "enjoying herself" free from any kind of supervision.

And poor Octavia had only sent the message because it was untrue!

Because he must never suspect how sad were the eyes which hourly gazed across the ocean, how heavy the heart presumed to be expanding beneath new and joyous sensations.

Of course people tried to talk to Octavia. She had put herself for the time being under the care of a motherly dame, with a daughter about Octavia's own age; but even had she in reality belonged to them—which it was soon discovered she did not—their presence would not have warded off the small preliminary attentions with which acquaintanceship is sought on such occasions. To the surprise of all, however, the young lady wanted no company, and, to their greater surprise, succeeded in repelling it.

And though these strangers knew it not, she was no longer the same Octavia who in her own home had defied her aunt and delighted everyone else.

A cloud hung over her. Often she would be silent for hours together. Occasionally she would feign sleep, dropping a thick veil over her face as she lay back in her deck-chair. It was a customary thing for people recovering from their first sea-sickness to be drowsy—but Octavia had never been sea-sick, nor was she, in reality, the least inclined for slumber; it was only that she might think and think.

Once, in starting up hastily, a tear rolled over her cheek. She looked round terrified; but no one had taken any notice.

And so the end of the third day came, and steadily on into the glowing sunset the great boat clove her way.

"It's about time now," quoth a stowaway to himself.

"Three days of this beastly bunk—but I durst not have shown up sooner. Not even the smoking-room free to me! Who says a man in love loses his wits? I never had mine in better order. So ho! now for the reward," and Sir Robert Sudbury tumbled out of his comfortable berth, peered from his window—for, with a view to this term of seclusion, he had ensconced himself in a deck-cabin, and the pleasant window remained open despite swell and roll—and finally made a dash for the bath-room. When he emerged from his toilet, clean and smart and well shaven, as a young Englishman should be, no one beholding his brisk air and steady tread would ever have deemed

Sir Robert was making his début after three days' strict confinement below.

Eyes followed him as he stepped outside and walked along the deck. Who was he? Why had he not shown up before? "Been *fugging* in the smoking-room, I suppose," muttered one young lady to another with deep disgust, as the tall figure in its long light coat passed their ranks for the second time. "How I hate men who smoke all day!" and she endeavoured to look her hatred.

Sir Robert took a third turn—this time at a somewhat slower pace.

For the light was waning, and it was necessary to peer and scrutinise. Once or twice he was almost rude, so nearly did he make a mistake, and "What if, after all, I have gone and botched it?" ejaculated he, under his breath at last; but the next moment he knew he had not "botched" it.

Nestling down in her low deck-chair, smothered in shawls, and to all appearance wrapped in slumber, lay the object of his search, and a long breath of relief escaped the seeker's lips. Even as he stood in front of her, Octavia opened her eyes.

Sir Robert lifted his cap and held out his hand. "I was looking for you, Miss Arlington. I saw your name in the list of passengers. Having a pleasant voyage, aren't we?" It might have been a meeting in Bond Street or in Lady Susan's drawing-room.

Poor Octavia! It seemed as though Niagara were thundering in her ears.

"Sir Robert! You?—Here?"

Sir Robert smiled and took a seat that was vacant by her side.

"What—what are you doing here?" stammered the bewildered girl, staring with eyes that told their own tale.

"Going to America. At least, I suppose so. I imagined that was what we were all doing. But I am so sorry I surprised you," ran on the young man, easily. "I am so accustomed myself to people turning up in all sorts of places."

"But—but your name was not on the list."

"I leave it behind me, now and then, when I travel. My man sees to that. It is easier to get about the world as Jones or Smith—but I am sorry I startled you." He picked up a fallen rug and arranged it over her feet again. And then he sat down and talked, and the twilight faded into darkness, and the lamps were lit along the deck. "Pray remember me kindly to your mother," said Sir Robert, as at length the bugle sounded its note of preparation for the evening meal. "She won't be at dinner. I suppose? I wonder where my place is at table."

He seemed quite surprised to find it by Octavia's. He appealed to her to say if it were not odd, odd and lucky too, that such a chance should have befallen him? He had looked up Bertie in the smoking-room, and assured him he was better there. Bertie had told him to keep an eye on his sister. Might he do so? They were such old friends—at least, as old friends go. At any rate he did not suppose there was anyone on board who could put in a prior claim. Surely she would not think of ensconcing herself in the hot, stuffy reading-room after dinner? The night was mild as milk; a tramp up and down in the fine sea-air would do her all the good in the world; and he would take care she did not get banged about. Or, if she preferred sitting still, lots of people were sitting on deck; it was as pleasant as summer; suppose she took possession of her chairs, and made him free of the one which her mother did not need.

And so on, and so on. All the while there was a look in the speaker's eye, which said plainly as words could have done, "I knew all about it. Yes, Octavia, I knew perfectly well why you gave me the slip when my back was turned; why, in the first instance, you picked a quarrel with me, and nipped in the bud my growing ardour; why, next, you bruted abroad your enthusiasm for exile and romantic dreams of a future which would have scared another girl; why, finally, you started so irrepressibly and stammered so divinely when the sleeper woke and found that for once it was no dream which brought a certain form before her eyes."

And Octavia had fancied herself so clever! And she really had been so deep and artful that even her nearest and dearest were deluded, conceiving that the shame experienced by a proud and sensitive nature on having its most sacred emotions pried into, exposed, and traded upon, had actually ended in their annihilation.

Even Sir Robert had not felt sure of his ground until he heard of Octavia's flight. That decided him. Or it might have been sheer instinct that guided him; for no sooner did he hear from one and another that Octavia Arlington was about to flee her country in order to escape from her aunt's bondage, than a veil seemed torn from his eyes. He had never accused Octavia of throwing herself at him, but he had, without exactly being conscious of so doing, imagined her passively acquiescent. Now he perceived, as by a lightning flash, how terrible must have been the position of the girl he loved.

Was it not even possible that the bright railery and jesting which had fallen unpleasantly upon his own ears had reached hers and caused them to burn for shame? He had heard the matter bandied about a thousand times—at the beginning openly, more and more cautiously as time passed. But he was perfectly aware that bets were being

laid on and against the scheming Lady Susan's success; and, to own the strict truth, these bets had more effect upon him than they should have had.

"It seems everyone is up to her game," he told himself. "So I suppose it is past praying for that Octavia is in ignorance. If only I could make up my mind to ask Octavia, and let Lady Susan go hang!"

But he could not; for though he was an honest he was not a strong-minded young man.

So he shilly-shallied and dilly-dallied; and poor Octavia, who loved him with her whole heart, and dreaded nothing more than that he should discover as much, knew not what to think.

It needed but a spark from a meddling malingerer's tongue, evilly disposed, to set the whole thing in a flame.

Sir Robert took himself out of town for a few weeks' hunting, mentally resolved to seek his charmer out on his return, and announce the engagement at a time when most of his friends were no longer at hand. By receiving their congratulations in writing he would be spared their knowing looks and significant smiles. It will thus be seen that of Octavia herself he felt tolerably sure. Also he loved her, but with more, it is to be feared, of the calm and easy affection incident to security than the anxious heart-burnings of a lover resolved to "gain or lose it all."

His consternation on hearing of the Arlingtons' departure opened his eyes, and sounded a trumpet-call in his ears. On a sudden he knew what it would be to lose Octavia, and also, as hinted above, the "mad move" interpreted to him the true feelings of her heart. No, she could never, never have been a party to "hunting" him, as his friends insinuated. He was furious with them, furious with himself for the very idea.

And he longed to rush to Octavia and throw himself at her feet—but wisdom whispered "Beware."

Already he had degraded the lady of his choice in her own eyes, so that she had taken a strong and cruel step in order to vindicate her self-esteem; any rash measure resorted to whilst she could turn upon him, flee his presence, or order him to flee hers, would be madness.

He hit on the happy idea of secreting himself as "Mr. Brown" on board the *Majestic*, and only appearing in mid-ocean as Sir Robert Sudbury. (N.B.—What was to be gained by this delay, and why Sir Robert did not declare himself directly Queenstown was left behind, we frankly own we are at a loss to imagine. But as the young gentleman always plumed himself upon it afterwards, as the crowning glory of his great idea, he must have had some sort of strategic device in his head, which he never quite succeeded in making plain either to Octavia or anyone else.)

At any rate, all credit must be accorded him for the general tactics of his campaign.

First of all he led off with the easy unconcern, combined with perfect respect, which soothed suspicion to rest; then having established his position, he began smoothly but steadily—like the great vessel he was in—to plough his way forwards; finally, there came a night when the two were standing side by side gazing over the crests of foaming billows, green in the lamplight from above—and a silence fell between them.

"Octavia."

She knew in a moment what was coming.

"We shall land to-morrow," said Sir Robert, breathing quickly; "and you have talked a great deal of your new home in your new country. But if—if the old country and—and my home would be good enough—?" A pause.

Tramp, tramp, went the deck passengers past the pair. But Octavia did not join them; and as one and another couple turned at the point where the two figures stood on and on, they wondered, perhaps, why so few words seemed to pass between them? But they did not know that the hand of one rested in that of the other, and that the last scene of a little drama, happily no longer a tragedy, was being played out beneath their unconscious eyes.

Mrs. Arlington and Bertie had not much fun out of their sea-trip, but Sir Robert and Octavia will never cross the Atlantic again without speaking tenderly of that first passage.

They are sure to cross often, because of the other two,

extremely pretty, and, under attractive coverings of flowers and foliage, hidden away all their defects and shortcomings. Mr. Hugh L. Norris, who is the other painter of English scenery at this exhibition, approaches his subjects in a very different spirit. He is frankly an impressionist, but one who appreciates the value of detail and can draw as well as paint. He has an equal sense with Mrs. Allingham of the beauties of English scenery, and a finer, or at least a fuller, sense of the resources of atmosphere. He shares with Mrs. Allingham a love and appreciation of flowers, however bright; and, like her, can render justice to their place in landscape scenery. He does not, as Mrs. Allingham can so gracefully, make a picture of a bluebell wood or of a purple heather-covered down, but he recognises their place and the effect which they impress upon the casual eye.

Mrs. Allingham's cottages and farmsteads on this occasion have been sought in Kent, Hampshire, Gloucestershire,

and Sussex, and it is pleasing to find that so many of these picturesque vestiges of the past are still preserved. All who know anything of rural life in England will have noticed the disappearance of the rudely built, creeper-covered, thatched, and probably unsanitary cottages which in the southern and western counties gave to the roads and villages an ever-varying interest. Before another generation has passed away the remembrance of them may be due more to Mrs. Allingham's drawings than to real knowledge. For this reason, apart from any question of artistic merit, such pictures should be treasured now, for they are certain to be appreciated hereafter. Such glimpses of the past are deserving to be preserved in a national or local collection, for their exquisite finish as well as for their historic value.

Mr. Hugh L. Norris has chosen for his painting-ground the course of the Wiltshire Avon, which in its way from the Wans Dyke, near Alton Priors, to the low-lying meadows which surround Christ Church, passes through some of the most varied and typical scenery of Southern England. Uphaven, Fig-hel-dean, Durrington, and Amesbury,

perhaps the oldest of all British settlements in the West, are all close upon Salisbury Plain, and it is in depicting these districts that we think Mr. Norris shows the greatest strength. As the Avon draws near to Salisbury, its course is through rich water-meadows, of which the colouring is almost too brilliant for pictorial effect, and it is not until the confines of the New Forest are reached that its beauties lend themselves to translation to paper. We owe our thanks to Mr. Norris for having called attention to a district which, very partially known to the majority of Londoners, has from one end to the other special charms for lovers of the picturesque. Mr. Norris, as we have said, paints freely and flowingly, with an eye for colour and effect, and if to our eyes he is more attractive when depicting the more sober beauties of "The Plain" and "The Forest," there are others to whom the bright colouring of the Wiltshire water-meadows and the rich foliage of the parks which the Avon traverses will more directly appeal. At any rate, it may be said with equal truth of Mrs. Allingham's and Mr. Hugh Norris's pictures that they would be agreeable and cheerful companions to live with.



Sir Robert lifted his cap and held out his hand. "I was looking for you, Miss Arlington."

you see. Those two are very happily settled in New York; but Octavia is back in the old country and the beautiful home, so wistfully and diffidently offered on the steamer's deck. And as for Lady Susan, she never ceases to try and make out that all the credit of her niece's "mad move," which had so splendid a result, was due to herself.

But she has never found any believers, and the Duchess scoffs openly.

THE END.

ART NOTES.

At the Fine Art Society's Gallery (New Bond Street) there are now on view two exhibitions which, although fortuitously brought into juxtaposition, mark very clearly and pleasantly two wholly divergent schools of water-colour painting. Mrs. Allingham has been reared in those traditions of the old Water-Colour Society of which Mr. Birket Foster was for many years the chief exponent. In many ways Mrs. Allingham has far outstripped her predecessor, and it may be truly said of her work that she has done for English cottages what Miss Kate Greenaway has done for English children—she has rendered them

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Poor Little Bella. By F. C. Philips. (Downey and Co.)
The Freedom of Henry Meredyth. By M. Hamilton. (William Heinemann.)
Max. By Julian Croskey. (John Lane.)
The Raid of the Detrimental. By the Earl of Desart. (C. Arthur Pearson.)
And Shall Trelawney Die? and *The Mist on the Moors.* By Joseph Hocking. (James Bowden.)
Bushigrams. By Guy Boothby. (Ward, Lock, and Co.)
The Iron Cross. By Robert H. Sherard. (C. Arthur Pearson.)
The Women of Homer. By Walter Copland Perry. (William Heinemann.)
A Literary History of India. By R. W. Frazer, LL.B. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
The Inferno of Dante. Translated with Plain Notes by Eugene Lee-Hamilton. (Grant Richards.)
The Poetical Works of Jean Ingelow. (Longmans.)
Industrial Democracy. By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. (Longmans.)

We remember how the curiosity of our boyhood was piqued by the sentence in Arnold's "Greek Exercise Book": "The very beautiful daughter of the very beautiful mother has a pain in her lower jaw." It was not a romantic interest, since it was associated with the disgusts of a dentist's room. Our interest in the very vulgar daughter of the very vulgar mother of Mr. Philips's "Poor Little Bella" is no less keen and no less unromantic. Poor little Bella, who tells her own story, has the advantage over her revoltingly vulgar mother of a clear consciousness of her degradation. The methods recommended by the Hon. Mrs. Dyce to her daughter for hooking any man with money, "whether he had two or more divorced wives, or a squint, or a wooden leg, or suffered from consumption, or wore a dwarf, giant, hunchback, Jew, Turk, infidel, or heretic," are absolutely as explicit and detailed as those of any chapter in Walton's "Angler." By a careful observance of them, Bella was twice within an ace of landing a big fish, but lost it on each occasion by her mother's clumsy manipulation of the landing-net. Finally, Bella marries the nephew of the finest of these fish, and is presumably made as happy as she deserved to be made miserable. In spite of our disgust with mother and daughter, and, indeed, with almost all the personages of "Poor Little Bella," we follow the heroine's fortunes with a lively interest.

We were greatly disappointed in Mrs. Hamilton's "The Freedom of Henry Meredyth," remembering the power and promise shown in her "Across an Ulster Bog." "The Freedom of Henry Meredyth" is a story with a divorce-court moral, and both the divorce court and the moral spoil the story. Indeed, the novel, but for its cleverness—and it is very clever—might have been written by the insufferable girl prig, Vivien, who thinks it her duty to be a perpetual thorn in her father's side. Between her, her mother, and the devout and devoted heroine, Alison Carnegie, the wretched Henry Meredyth is made to pay vicariously the uttermost farthing for the sins which compelled him to divorce his wife.

"Max" is a powerful but repellent study of an opium-eater, who, in spite of occasional flashes of genius, nobleness, and generosity, is a fairly consistent scoundrel and imbecile. His conduct to women alone alienates our sympathy from Mr. Julian Croskey's sorry hero. At the same time, it must be admitted that Fate was unusually ironical in her dealings with him. No sooner has he rejected Maud for Ayesha than this Eastern beauty deserts him; no sooner had he married the sordid and squalid Susan than the Eastern beauty proposes to him; no sooner had he cast off the betrayed Naomi, because of her squint, than in the fever brought on by his brutality the squint is cured. After this it was only to be expected that no sooner had he committed suicide because of the supposed failure of his novel than it became the book of the season. By the way, Max, like Charles II., takes an unconscionable time in dying, and the pages of description of how the finger pressed the trigger, and the spark ignited the powder, and the powder expanded in the barrel, and "this narrow purple tunnel of steel that seemed to smile with its oily grooves" passed on the bullet "to a bone joint covered with thick coarse hair," etc., have a bathetic effect.

"The Raid of the Detrimental" is a wild extravaganza where everything, and especially the fun, is forced. A bevy of young girls with their chaperon are abducted, as a rather dastardly joke, in a yacht, which, flying the pirate flag, runs the gauntlet of the guns of two ironclads and narrowly escapes being sunk. This is a ponderous practical joke indeed, and all the incidental humour of the book is in keeping therewith.

You do not expect humour in a story where you come upon a passage of this sort: "Measure three feet from the beading nearest the fireplace, find an indentation eighteen inches from the floor, then press hard until you hear a spring click." But what you do expect from such a "Mysteries of Udolpho" suggestion you find in Mr. Joseph Hocking's "And Shall Trelawney Die," a most interesting story of the fortunes of an aristocratic foundling. How Mr. Hocking can call the hero's rival, who hired two miscreants to blind him with vitriol, "a decent fellow," we cannot imagine; it exceeds even the maudlin measure of charity to which the curtain of a melodrama is usually rung down. However, both "And Shall Trelawney Die," and its companion, "The Mist on the Moors," are excellent specimens of melodrama.

We cannot say quite so much for the short stories Mr. Guy Boothby has reprinted under the barbarous title "Bushigrams." They are for the most part made up of Australian incidents that have often done duty, and often done it better before. Now and again, however, we come across a picturesque touch like this that redeems the ordinary commonplaceness of the style: "The apparition pulled itself together, and the blank look faded from its eyes just as breath draws off a sabre-blade."

Mr. Robert Sherard's "The Iron Cross" ought to give a new lease of life to the "Spanish Prisoner" swindle, since its plot turns upon a treasure hidden in Spain. It is, nevertheless, an original and interesting plot. The

hero's uncle deserted the Duke's army in Spain in order to secure a treasure he had won as a prize of war. On his death-bed he writes a letter thus obscurely indicating where directions as to the cache are to be found: "Let not him who receives this message throw away either envelope, and still remember that he who seeks shall find." This suggested to his nephew, the hero, that the black seal of the outer envelope had imbedded in it a scrap of paper indicating the cache—as it had. So far the tale is sufficiently commonplace; but the treasure itself, and the purpose it serves and how it came to serve it, amply redeem this commonplaceness. It is an iron cross, a miracle-working relic, for whose restoration the Church would willingly give £200,000, and whose loss it punishes with vicarious and incredible vindictiveness. Not only was the hapless Prior who was robbed of it driven to suicide by his disgrace, but all his relatives and all their descendants to the remotest generation are branded and banned as "Dis-honoured," a boycott which involves social and universal ostracism. It is this vicarious dishonour alone which prevents the Prior's niece, whom the hero loves to distraction, from marrying a Spanish noble, whom she loves, and who loves her no less frenziedly. The hero hesitates for some time between his urgent need of £200,000, and his magnanimous devotion to the heroine, and finally decides to restore her the cross, and thereby so to reinstate her socially as to bring about her marriage to his rival. By the time he returned to England he probably realised, what the reader realises from the first, that it was well worth the sacrifice of £200,000, to escape from such a tigress.

Mr. Walter Copland Perry gives good measure pressed down and flowing over in "The Women of Homer," since English readers will derive from it an adequate idea of the character, condition, and status of the sex not in Homer only, but in the later poets, and in the Greek world generally. To the New Woman, the Old Woman, and especially the Old Woman of the days of Aristophanes, will seem a pitiful and piteous creature. In the "Philopator" a man, hearing of the marriage of a friend, exclaims, "What do you say—married? really married! he whom I lately left alive and walking about!" By Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides the passion of love was regarded rather as a fell disease sent in wrath by the gods; and Æschylus makes the proud boast that he never in his plays made a woman in love. Both earlier and later, however, love—as we understand it—and marriage were in worthier esteem; and nothing finer could be said of the two conjoined than what Odysseus claims for them in his prayer to Nausicaa: "May the gods grant thee all thy heart's desire, a husband and a home and a mind at one with his—a good gift, for there is nothing mightier and nobler than when man and wife are of one heart and mind in the house, a grief to their foes and to their friends great joy, but their own hearts know it best."

Mr. Copland Perry sees traces in Homer of softening Oriental influences, but nothing could be more unlike the childish naïveté and sunshine of the world of Homer than the still, sad, and settled spirit of old age which characterises the East. It was an Eastern poet who said what Richter has but echoed, "What makes old age so sad is not that its joys, but that its hopes cease"; and you feel this Dantesque hopelessness in every line of Mr. R. W. Fraser's most interesting "Literary History of India." It is a work of much research and learning, acuteness and suggestiveness, but written occasionally with less care and pains than have been given to its compilation. Such slips, for instance, as this are too frequent—"Since then all memory of the pillar and its inscription faded away from memory."

We fear Mr. Eugene Lee-Hamilton in his admirable translation of "The Inferno of Dante" has made a single, but a grave mistake in his effort to produce upon the ear the precise effect of the original. The result is that the swan, which in the original glides with exquisite grace down stream, in the rugged English version waddles clumsily along the bank. Mr. Lee-Hamilton's exquisite sonnets did not prepare us for jolting verse of this sort—

About new torment I must now make verses,
 And furnish matter for the twentieth Canto
 Of the first Lay, which is of the deep sunken.
 I had already set myself entirely
 To gazing down upon the uncovered depth there,
 Which now was being washed with tears of anguish,
 And saw some people in the great round valley
 Coming with silent weeping at the pace which
 Processions in our world are wont to keep to.

When most harmonious, this rhythm recalls that of "The Needy Knife-Grinder."

How that sweet singer in Israel, Miss Jean Ingelow, could write such jagged and dissonant verse as this, we cannot imagine—

Lost with the man I loved, or lost without him, making my
 moan,
 Blighted and rent of the bitter frost, wrecked, tempest-
 tossed, lost, lost!

But for the most part, this handsome new edition of her "Poems" in a single volume amply justifies her popularity with the simple, sweet, and pure in heart of whom and for whom she sings. A fine portrait of the poetess doubles the value of the volume.

Having "educated our masters" we might with advantage proceed now to educate ourselves to understand our masters, and no better school-book for this purpose could be recommended than Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb's "Industrial Democracy." To this scientific analysis of Trade Unionism in the United Kingdom its authors have devoted six years of the most exhaustive study of their subject. They have examined inside and out the constitution of every trade union organisation, and all the methods and regulations used to attain its ends. The result is a singularly clear and judicial summing up of all the good and evil, direct and indirect tendencies of this socialistic force of the future. That it is an altruistic force, making on the whole for the welfare of the community, Mr. and Mrs. Webb have convinced themselves, and will succeed in convincing

many of their readers. Such paradoxes of democracy as that in a democratic state no man minds his own business, and that every man is a servant in respect of the matters of which he is master, and a master in respect of the matters of which he knows no more than anyone else, are shown to be at once the justification and the strength of that form of government. While liberty, in the sense "of such conditions, in the community, as do in practice result in the utmost possible development of faculty in the individual," can be secured, according to our authors, only in a democracy.

A LITERARY LETTER.

Some two years ago Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, the well-known American poet, while on a visit to England observed that the grave of Henry Vaughan in Llansaintffraid Churchyard was in a condition not very creditable to the admirers of the famous Silurist. Miss Guiney wrote to the *Athenæum* suggesting that something might be done, and the matter was taken up by Mr. Powell Williams, the Rector of Llansaintffraid, and by Miss Gwenllian Morgan, who became honorary secretary to a fund for restoring Vaughan's tomb. The result has been that a tablet to the memory of Vaughan has now been placed in the church, and the tomb in the churchyard has been inclosed by a railing, and in some measure decorated with flowers. Among the subscribers to the Vaughan Memorial Fund I note the names of Professor Saintsbury, of Dr. Toddhunter, of the late Mr. Francis Turner Paigraue, and of Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen, who recently published a very pretty edition of Vaughan's poems.

It is not, I believe, quite accurate to say, as has been said by Messrs. Smith and Elder, the publishers of the new edition of Thackeray, that Thackeray had positively forbidden a biography of himself to be written. It would seem to be nearer the truth to say that he expressed himself with due emphasis about being made the victim of "this kind of thing," referring to some indiscreet biography of the period. But then Carlyle took much the same view, and expressed himself ferociously about "body-snatching," and he has been the most biographed man of our age. Lord Tennyson also, in an oft-quoted conversation with Sir Henry Taylor, denounced the biographer; and yet we have his son's two formidable volumes, and shall doubtless have many supplemental books. Mrs. Ritchie has already given us considerable material for a biography of her father, and the biographical notes which she proposes to contribute to the new set of Thackeray's novels will present a further mass of material. I believe I am right in saying that Mrs. Ritchie will follow up the edition with a final biography of the great novelist, whose attractive personality is made more and more interesting to us with the publication of every new letter that is brought to light.

This bibliography of Mr. James Payn's writings will, I am sure, interest many of his admirers—

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| Poems, 1853 | What He Cost Her, 1877 |
| Stories and Sketches, 1857 | By Proxy, 1878 |
| Furness Abbey and its Neighbour- hood, 1858 | Less Black than We're Painted, 1878 |
| Leaves from Lakeland, 1858 | Two Hundred Pounds Reward, 1879 |
| The Foster-Brothers, 1859 | Under One Roof, 1879 |
| A Handbook to the English Lakes, 1859 | High Spirits, 1879 |
| The Bateman Household, 1860 | A Marine Residence, 1879 |
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| Melibus in London, 1862 | A Grape from a Thorn, 1881 |
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| Married Beneath Him, 1865 | For Cash Only, 1882 |
| People, Places, and Things, 1865 | Kit a Memory, 1883 |
| The Clyffards of Clyffe, 1866 | Thicker than Water, 1883 |
| Mink Abbey, 1866 | Some Literary Recollections, 1884 |
| Lights and Shadows of London Life, 1867 | The Canon's Ward, 1884 |
| The Lakes in Sunshine, 2 vols, 1867-70 | In Peril and Privation, 1885 |
| Carlyon's Year, 1868 | The Luck of the Town, 1885 |
| Diomed Parva, 1868 | The Luck of the Darrells, 1885 |
| Dentick's Tutor, 1868 | The Heir of the Ages, 1885 |
| Found Dead, 1869 | Glow-Worm Tales, 1887 |
| A County Family, 1869 | Holiday Tasks, 1887 |
| Maxims, by a Man of the World, 1869 | A Prince of the Blood, 1888 |
| A Perfect Treasure, 1869 | The Blue-dropper, 1888 |
| Gwendoline's Harvest, 1870 | The Mystery of Minbridge, 1888 |
| Like Father, Like Son, 1871 | The Burnt Million, 1890 |
| Not Wood, but Won, 1871 | Notes from the "News," 1890 |
| Cecil's Trust, 1872 | The Word and the Will, 1890 |
| A Woman's Vengeance, 1872 | Sunny St. ries, 1891 |
| Murphy's Master, 1873 | A Stumble on the Threshold, 1892 |
| The Best of Husbands, 1874 | A Modern Dick Whittington, 1892 |
| At Her Mercy, 1874 | A Trying Patient, 1893 |
| Walter's Word, 1875 | Glens of Memory, 1894 |
| Halves, 1876 | In Market Overt, 1895 |
| | The Disappearance of George Driffield, 1896 |
| | Another's Burden, 1897 |

The *Scotsman* has published a very interesting letter from Mr. Frederic Harrison concerning the Scottish petition to the Queen for the official use of the words "Britain" and "British" in place of "England" and "English" in State documents. Mr. Harrison claims that the Act of Union of 1707 does not once contain the term "British" from beginning to end, and makes very merry over the claim of the petitioners in the very heart of North Britain.

The proprietor of the *Scotsman*, by the way, has just paid £120,000 for a block of buildings, overlooking Princes Street, Edinburgh, which he proposes to use as a site for offices, "to meet the growing requirements of the paper." The marvellous success of the *Scotsman* reflects enormous credit on Mr. Finlay, the proprietor, Mr. Law, the manager, and Mr. Cooper, the editor, and is one further demonstration that the success of a paper must depend upon the perfect adjustment of these three factors more than on any other consideration. Here is the *Scotsman*, practically a Conservative journal, in the very heart of a strongly Radical country, yet purchased by hundreds and thousands of the very Radicals who detest many of its opinions. Further, its editor is an Englishman and a Roman Catholic, which makes one wonder what the "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled" have to say to the one fact, and what the "orthodox, orthodox, wha believe in John Knox," have to say to the other.

The Brontë Society have just sent out the eighth part of their Transactions, edited by Mr. Butler Wood, of the Free Library, Bradford. The part, among its other items of interest, contains a lengthy biography of the late Miss Ellen Nussey, by Mr. William Scruton, the author of "The Birthplace of the Brontës." C. K. S.



VELVET PAWS.

By Fannie Moody.

FOUR PORTRAITS.

After ten years of office as Director-General of the Royal Navy Medical Department and Inspector-General of Hospitals and Fleets, Sir James Nicholas Dick has retired from the somewhat arduous duties of that important post. Sir James, who is now sixty-seven years of age, saw a good deal of active service in the Crimean, Abyssinian, and Egyptian Wars, and was made a C.B. in 1887 and a K.C.B. eight years later. He was appointed Honorary Surgeon to the Queen in 1893.

Sir Henry Frederick Norbury, who succeeds Sir James Dick, changes but the first half of his official title, having for the last four years been Inspector-General of the department of which he now becomes Director-General. Born two years after the beginning of the Queen's reign, he became a surgeon in the Navy in 1860, Staff-Surgeon in 1872, Fleet-Surgeon in 1879, and Deputy-Inspector-General of the Navy Medical Department in 1887. His experience of active service has lain chiefly in South Africa, where he was principal medical officer to Pearson's Column, and the garrison of Fort Ekowe in the Zulu War. In that campaign he greatly distinguished himself, and won the medal and three clasps. In the Kaffir War in 1887 he was a member of the Naval Brigade, of whose doings in South Africa he is the historian; and at the close of the war was thanked by the Cape Government.

Another distinguished medical man whose career was closely associated



Photo Russell and Sons.

SIR JAMES DICK, K.C.B.,
Ex-Director-General, Navy Medical Department.

Photo Russell and Sons.

SIR HENRY F. NORBURY, K.C.B.,
New Director-General, Navy Medical Department.

Photo Elliott and Fry.

MR. FLEETWOOD WILSON,
New Assistant Under-Secretary for War.

Photo Lambert Weston, Folkestone.

THE LATE SURGEON-GENERAL SAMUEL CURRIE, C.B.,
Honorary Physician to the Queen.

with the Services has lately passed away in the person of Surgeon-General Samuel Currie, honorary physician to the Queen, who died on March 25 at the age of eighty-two. Surgeon-General Currie began his career in the Army Medical Service in 1836, rose through various promotions to the office of Deputy-Inspector General of Hospitals in 1859, and was made a Surgeon-General nine years later. He was chief medical officer with the forces in China in 1860, and received the medal, with clasps, after the entry of Peking. In the Abyssinian Campaign of 1867 he was again chief medical officer, and in the course of his subsequently long and very distinguished career held the same position for the forces in India. His services to his country received official recognition in the form of the special pension, and he was made a C.B. many years ago.

Mr. Fleetwood Wilson, who has been appointed Assistant Under-Secretary of State for War, in succession to the late Sir George Lawson, has for the past five years been Director of the Army Clothing Department. Born in Italy forty-seven years ago, he began his public life in the Paymaster-General's Office, but was transferred to the War Office fifteen years ago. He subsequently held Assistant Secretaryships to the then Lord Hartington, to Mr. W. H. Smith, and Mr. Stanhope, and was private secretary-in-chief to both Mr. Stanhope and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman during their respective periods of office as Secretary for War.



A DANCING LESSON.—BY C. McIVER GRIERSON.

Exhibited at the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.

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THE CHINESE QUESTION.



THE GERMAN OCCUPATION OF KIAO-CHAU : PAYING CHINESE WHEELBARROW MEN AT TSINGTAN.

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

"At least twenty-five per cent. of the native population of Tsingtan have been turned into coolies by the Germans, and are now engaged all day on transport duties from the coast. My sketch shows these men being paid. The German officials engage a certain number of headmen, and these in turn engage the labourers. The latter are 'sweated' to an extent which gives rise to a good deal of growling. They are hired at the rate of fivepence a day, but seldom receive more than fourpence."—MELTON PRIOR.



H.M.S. "CENTURION" PASSING TALIEH-WAN BAY, NOW OCCUPIED BY RUSSIA.

FROM A SKETCH BY MR. B. MEADOWS-TAYLOR, H.M.S. "CENTURION."

Reprinted, as illustrating the present Crisis, from "The Illustrated London News" of January 19, 1895.

THE CHINESE QUESTION: THE GERMAN OCCUPATION OF KIAO-CHAU.

Facsimile Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.



CONVEYING STORES FROM THE SHORE TO TSINGTIAN, THE SEAPORT OF KIAO-CHAU.

"The chief duty of John Chinaman turn of coolie is to carry stores and ammunition from the pier to the different fortresses or laagers. The pier was lately built, though not completed, by the late Chinese Governor. For some hundred and fifty yards it is constructed of stone, with a further fifty yards of iron beyond. This structure has proved of great service to the Germans for landing purposes. The carrying to the shore is done on men's shoulders, but from the end of the pier to the various fortresses, wheelbarrows of peculiar shape are employed."—MELTON PRIOR.



OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR, POSTING HIS FIRST SET OF SKETCHES FROM TSINGTIAN.

"All villages as well as towns must have a post-office, and I was so interest'ed at seeing Chinese and Germans together posting letters or obtaining stamps that I could not resist sending you a sketch of the scene. The new Postmaster, Herr Fritz Pape, was engaged in sewing out stamps, while a German soldier was sorting letters, and a Chinese boy was engaged in stamping registered and other letters. By the door stood a sentry with loaded rifle. All troops go about armed, and even civilians are instructed to do the same, but I personally do not see the necessity for this precaution, as the people of the place appear most quiet and orderly."—MELTON PRIOR.



ST. CECILIA.

From the Painting by Kneller, Junr.

THE CHINESE QUESTION: THE GERMAN OCCUPATION OF KIAO-CHAU.

Facsimile Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.



BAY TO THE EAST OF TSINGTAN, TO BE MADE A SEASIDE RESORT.

"The neighbourhood here is very pretty, and from what I hear, the climate in summer is simply charming. The Germans are more than delighted with their new acquisition. In summer the people of Shanghai, and even Hong-Kong and other southern ports, on holiday bent, go as far as Chefoo for a change, but as this is a long voyage by steamer, it is intended to make seaside resort near here. On Sunday morning last, I took a walk over some hills to the east, and not a mile distant came across the pleasant bay of my sketch, where it is intended to put up an hotel and at once begin a German 'Bad.'"—MELTON PRIOR.



GERMAN FLAGSTAFF ERECTED IN FRONT OF THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE, TSINGTAN

"The 'Yamen' (Government House) where the late Chinese General lived, is now occupied by the new German Governor and his officials, and outside this building is a wall with a most curious design of a dragon, etc., on it. Behind this wall a staging and flagstaff have been erected, and sentries posted—in fact, it is used as a signal station for the ships in the bay. The wall and dragon, I have heard, represent the Chinese precaution for keeping away evil spirits."—MELTON PRIOR.

SHEER LUCK.

BY W. PETT RIDGE.

In a Turkish bath men are much alike, only that some are stouter than others; my neighbour was just a clean-shaven, middle-aged man, sipping at his cigarette sparingly, and glancing with something of contempt in his manner at an illustrated paper. Presently he threw the journal over to me.

"All those things," he said confidently, "are faked up in Fleet Street."

I glanced at the drawing, and mentioned that the artist was a friend of mine, and I knew that he was, as a matter of fact, out in the Soudan. He laughed bitterly.

"Don't tell me, my dear Sir. I haven't been all over the world, bless you, for nothing."

I said that the journey cost money.

"Fortunately," he said, "if I wanted twenty thousand pounds at the present moment—Never mind," he said, breaking off, "I don't pretend I've got on by hard work, or by moral worth. It's luck, sheer luck."

He seemed a singularly dogmatic man, and he insisted that his view was the correct one.

"Look here!" he said, sitting up excitedly. "Here's a case in point. I'm going to tell you something that I've never told anyone in the world before. Some ten, ay, twelve years ago I was seated one evening in my club in St. James's Street. (Deuced exclusive club it is, too. I've known a man blackballed there for no other reason than that he wore a respirator.) I was seated there, as I say, in the bow window on an afternoon in August. Everybody was out of town; I myself ought to have started from the London docks some days previously, but I had stayed on to leave that night from Charing Cross for Brindisi. You must understand," he said, with a burst of confidence, "there was a lady in the case."

I understood.

"A lady whose parents, I need hardly say, bitterly opposed our marriage, for at that time I was hard up. The waiter brought me the *Times*, and I did a thing, my dear Sir, that I had never done before or since. I read all down the births, deaths, and marriages. As I did so I thought somewhat grimly that this was in all probability the last *Times* that I should see for five long weary years. Having read the births I rang the bell. 'My luggage gone to the station, Bowyer?' 'Yes, Sir,' said the waiter. 'How long have I got?' 'You've got a good twenty minutes, Sir,' answered the waiter. 'Then bring me one of my special brand of cigars, and hang me if I don't finish this column!'

"And, being a man of my word, I did finish that long column, Sir. And down among the Y's I found—believe me or not just as you please—I found the cabled announcement of the death of a dear old uncle of mine out in South Africa that meant—well, I needn't say how many thousands a year to me. And I stopped my luggage, stayed at home, picked up a decent estate down in the Midlands, and—"

"Married the lady?"

"Like a shot!" said my neighbour exultantly. "After you with that match?"

I ventured to remark that this was but an isolated instance, and, striking as it was, not sufficient to convince me that his dogmatic assertion was correct. He lifted one hand so impressively that I stopped.

"Young man," he said gravely, "when you've knocked about as I have, all over the shop, then you can talk. Not before! Just listen to this instance, and then I must be off to my club." He turned to me aggressively. "Do you know Nagasaki?"

I did not know Nagasaki.

"Nagasaki," he said, "is south of Japan. You can get there by direct steamer from Hong-Kong, and thence, if you like, on to Yokohama. I had been staying at Hong-Kong for some months. Before that I had been staying at Aberdeen, down in the south-west corner of the island, and I came up to the port and took the steamer for Nagasaki. We had a delightful voyage, a de-lightful voyage, Sir. At Nagasaki there came on board a sweet little Japanese girl, in charge of a severe elderly woman who kept strict guard over her. Nevertheless—here he smiled mysteriously—"opportunity for conversation was found, and I discovered that she was being conveyed to Yokohama, there to marry a man whom she detested. The little creature begged me to save her from this fate, but I could not see my way clear to doing so. One night I heard a tapping at the door of my berth. A voice said that the ship was on fire aft, and that not a moment was to be lost. Hurrying on a few articles of attire, I ran up on deck. 'Save me!' cried the little creature. No sooner said than done. In a moment I had lowered a boat; in another moment she and I were in it. Before the others were astir, we were well away from the ill-fated steamer."

"Did the steamer burn out?"

"Sir," he said, with something of contempt in his manner, "you are not following my argument. The steamer was not on fire. It was but a device on the part of the infatuated Japanese girl. But mark this!"

He went to the door for a Maerdy exit.

"That steamer on its way to Yokohama struck a rock and not a soul on board was saved! Now tell me you don't believe in luck."

My proposers entertained me that evening at dinner in the club to which I had just been elected. I was pleased to notice that the service at the club was quiet and sedate, and I remarked on this to my friends. They said proudly that the waiters were all characters in their way—Bloxam, for instance, was an old bachelor who had never had a holiday in his life.

"Isn't that so, Bloxam?"

"Beg pardon, Sir!"

"I was telling my friend here—new member, by the way—"

Bloxam bowed. I recognised my dogmatic acquaintance of that afternoon, but he did not know me again.

"That you've never had a holiday in your life."

"Nor want, Sir," said Bloxam respectfully.

"Rheumatism better, Bloxam?"

"I took your advice, Sir, and had a Turkish bath this afternoon." Bloxam brushed some non-existent crumbs from the table. "Did me good, I think, Sir. Does anybody good, I fancy, if you'll allow me to say so, Sir, to get out of their regular groove now and again."

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

J M (Kilmarnock).—The one you mention is very celebrated, and there ought to be no difficulty in getting an engraving of it. There are two or three others, but we do not know the artist's name.

R O D (Ipswich).—We regret we have no clips wherewith to make the exchange.

E W BURNELL (Shepton Mallet).—It shall be examined.

R N TARAIURVALA (Dombay).—The only magazine of the kind you want is the *British Chess Magazine*, published by J M Brown, Brudenell Road, Leeds.

R J M (Regent's Park).—We regret we do not see our way to fall in with your suggestion.

J K M LUTTON. — We have examined your problems with some care, but our solvers do not appreciate problems of so purely a block type.

C W (Sunbury). H D O BERNARD, W H GUNDRY, and F FISHER. — Problems received with thanks.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2807 and 2808 received from Thomas Devlin (Arcata, Cal.); of No. 2812 from James Clark (Chester); of No. 2813 from D Newton (Lisbon); of No. 2814 from Captain J A Challiee (Great Yarmouth), G Birmbach (Berlin), G Stillin, Fleet Johnson (Cobham), Rev T L Stack (Lydd), and C M A B.

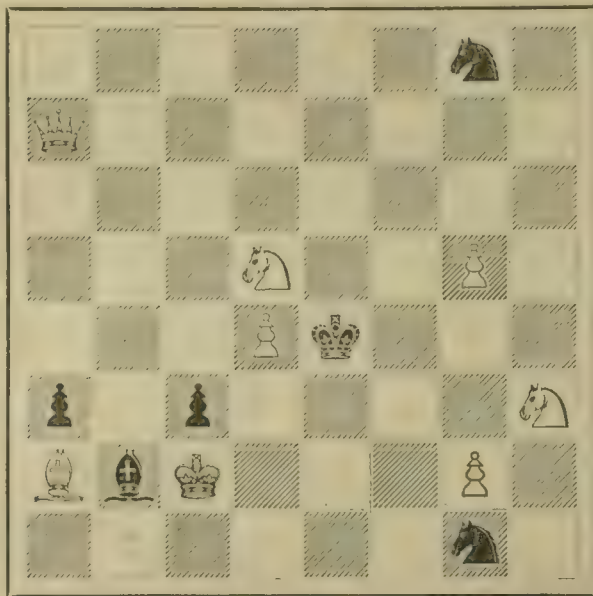
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2815 received from Alpha. L Deranges, Dr F St Bri n Harley (Saffron Walden), W Bar on (Stratford), Shadforth, F Ho per (Putney), J D Tucker (Ilkley), Henry Orme (Bristol), Joseph Cook, H J Plumb (Wotton-under-Edge), Captain Spencer, J Bailey (Newark), John G Lord (Castleton), H Le Jeune, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), Edith Corser (Reigate), W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), Joseph Willcock (Chester), and P Thomas.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2814.—By C. DAHL.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to Kt 3rd P to Q 6th
2. K to K 6th Any move
3. B or Kt mates.
If Black play 1. K to Q 6th, then 2. Q to K sq, and Kt mates next move.

PROBLEM No. 2817.—By F. LINBY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN HORNCASTLE.

Game played between the Rev. A. B. SKIPWORTH and Mr. W. E. ATKINS.
(English Opening.)

| WHITE (Mr. S.) | BLACK (Mr. A.) | WHITE (Mr. S.) | BLACK (Mr. A.) |
|-----------------------|---|------------------------|---|
| 1. P to Q 4th | Kt to K B 3rd | 27. Q to K R 5th | |
| 2. Kt to Q B 3rd | P to K Kt 3rd | | A very attacking move and difficult to |
| 3. Kt to K B 3rd | Bt to Kt 2nd | | parry. |
| 4. P to Q 4th | Castles | 27. | K to R 2nd |
| 5. P to K 4th | P to Q 3rd | 28. P to Kt 4th | B to B 3rd |
| 6. P to K R 3rd | Q Kt to Q 2nd | 29. R takes P | Q to Kt 2nd |
| 7. B to K 3rd | P to K 4th | 30. P to B 3rd | B to K 2nd |
| 8. Q to B 2nd | P to Q B 3rd | 31. K to Kt 2nd | R to K R sq |
| 9. B to K 2nd | Q to K 2nd | | We believe this to be Black's best move |
| 10. Castles K R | R to K sq | | in this difficult position. R to B 4th |
| 11. P to Q 5th. | P to Q B 4th | | would, of course, be met by Q to K 8th. |
| | This will ultimately leave his Q P weak | 32. Q R to K R sq | K to Kt sq |
| | and in conjunction with Q R and Q B | 33. Q to K 8th (ch) | Q to K B sq |
| | being so long out of play, goes far towards | 34. Q to Kt 6th (ch) | Q to Kt 2nd |
| | the loss of the game. | 35. R takes P | R takes R |
| 12. P to Q R 3rd | P to K R 3rd | 36. Q takes R | Q takes Q |
| 13. P to Q Kt 4th | P to Q Kt 3rd | 37. R takes Q | K to Kt 2nd |
| 14. K R to Kt sq | Kt to K 4th | 38. R to R sq | R to Q Kt sq |
| 15. Q to Q 2nd | Kt to K B 5th | 39. R to Q Kt sq | R to Kt 3rd |
| 16. B to Q sq | R to K B sq | 40. R takes R | P takes R |
| 17. R to Kt 3rd | P to K B 4th | 41. P to R 4th | K to B 2nd |
| 18. B to Q B 2nd | K B P takes P | 42. Kt to B 3rd | B to Q 2nd |
| 19. K B takes P | Kt to K B 3rd | 43. Kt (Q 2) to K 4 | B to K B sq |
| 20. Q B takes Kt | Kt takes B | 44. K to Kt 3rd | K to Kt 3rd |
| 21. Kt takes Kt | R takes B | 45. Kt to Q Kt 5th | B to B 2nd |
| 22. Q to K 2nd | P to K Kt 4th | 46. K to B 2nd | B to B sq |
| 23. Q Kt P takes P | Q Kt P takes P | 47. K to K 3rd | B to K 2nd |
| 24. Q R to Kt sq | P to K Kt 5th | 48. K to Q 3rd | B to B sq |
| | It is important to bring Q R into play, | 49. Kt (K 4) takes Q P | B takes Kt |
| | and this seems to be a good opportunity | 50. Kt takes B | B takes P |
| | by B to R 3rd. | | And White eventually won a game |
| 25. Kt (K B 3) to Q 2 | P takes P | | that he had most skillfully conducted |
| 26. P to K Kt 3rd | R to K B sq | | throughout. |

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in Pennsylvania between Messrs. W. P. SHIPLEY and J. ELSON.
(Centre Gambit.)

| WHITE (Mr. S.) | BLACK (Mr. E.) | WHITE (Mr. S.) | BLACK (Mr. E.) |
|------------------|---|-----------------|---|
| 1. P to K 4th | P to Q 4th | 12. B to K 3rd | |
| 2. P takes P | Q takes P | | P to R Kt 4th lays White's position |
| 3. Q Kt to B 2nd | Q to Q R 4th | | open, and leads to very little real attack. |
| 4. P to Q 4th | P to Q B 3rd | 12. | B takes B |
| 5. Kt to B 3rd | Kt to B 3rd | 13. Kt takes B | Q to Kt 3rd |
| 6. B to K 2nd | | | This yields nothing, and only takes the |
| | White's game now is a picture of almost | | Queen out of the game. |
| | perfect development in half-a-dozen | 14. B to K 3rd | Kt to Q 4th |
| | moves. At best, Black can only develop | 15. Kt takes Kt | K P takes Kt |
| | slowly, and at a disadvantage. | 16. Q to Kt 4th | Castles |
| 7. Castles | B to B 4th | 17. P to B 5th | K to R 2nd |
| 8. B to K B 4th | P to K 3rd | 18. P to B 6th | 1 to Kt 3rd |
| | The next move shows that B to Q 2nd | 19. B takes R P | |
| | is better. | | White has an easy winning position and |
| 8. | B to Q 2nd | | arranges it prettily, though the sacrifice is |
| 9. B to Q 2nd | Q to B 2nd | | obvious. |
| 10. Kt to K 5th | B to Q 3rd | 19. | R to K sq |
| 11. P to B 4th | P to K R 3rd | 20. B to Kt 7th | Resigns. |

NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from Abroad, be Marked on the Back with the Name and Address of the Sender, as well as with the Title of the Subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Some time ago in this column I remarked on the necessity which existed for the more frequent investigation of our food-products, in the sense of ensuring their freedom from injurious ingredients and additions calculated to produce illness in those consuming the foods in question. The recent prosecution of a milk-seller, who dispensed milk containing a very large quantity of boracic acid, revives this topic, and shows the necessity for increased supervision of the kind to which I have referred. Medical opinion inclines to the belief that the continual consumption of boracic acid—in itself a mild antiseptic—would tend to produce kidney troubles, and in face of this belief, it would seem only right that all excess of this or any other antiseptic in foods should be made a much more reprehensible feature than it is commonly regarded. I have been told that in many meat-extracts salicylic acid is employed as a preservative; if this is so, it is high time that the attention of our analysts should be directed to this phase of food adulteration. The cheapening of our food-supplies is an excellent feature of modern enterprise, but we may pay too high a price for our free breakfast-tables if lessened cost is to imply deficient quality or injurious additions. Even the very sweetmeats which our youngsters consume are not above suspicion if analysts' reports are to be believed; and as for that insanitary horror, the ice-cream barrow—emerging from a dirty court laden with microbes—the less said regarding it the better, unless, indeed, one could agitate for its complete repression.

My remarks on the difficulty of knowing what to do with one's arms in bed have elicited a few comments from readers of this column. One correspondent advocates crossing the arms over the chest as an easy and natural posture; but such a position of the arms, I take it, implies lying on one's back, and this is precisely a mode of repose which in the case of many persons is impossible, associated as it is with the discomfort of dreaming. The more one thinks of it the greater appears the probability that the arms have yet to be adjusted to the ordinary conditions of human repose—that is, if questions of comfort and adaptation have to be considered. One of my correspondents raises the question of "the proper side to sleep on." I am afraid this latter point is strictly relative to the individual, but I fancy the majority of us incline to repose on the right side, possibly by reason of the general right-sided tendency which a human body illustrates in its ordinary waking life. Our right-sidedness means the greater activity of the left brain-hemisphere; in other words, we are left-brained and right-handed. It may well be that if there does exist, as I believe, a tendency towards repose on the right side in preference to the left, the left brain half may exercise its functions here as in other matters determining the superiority of the right hand.

One point mooted by my correspondent has reference to the effect which lying on the right side may be supposed to exert on the liver and digestive system at large. I am not aware that in sleep we have to take into account the affairs and interests of that apparatus, save, perhaps, when we indulge in late and heavy suppers, and thereby produce disturbance of our hours of repose. But as the liver lies on the right side of the stomach, and as the intestine also proceeds from the stomach on the right, it is just possible such digestive action as may be carried on in sleep might be assisted by repose on that side. Animals sleep in all sorts of positions, of course, and the often apparently uncomfortable postures in which dogs and cats may be seen sleeping soundly must excite our surprise. The cat especially, by curling herself together, has learned to conserve heat in a very efficient fashion; and I have heard it suggested that feline sleep is almost a kind of asphyxia, because of the manner in which puss buries her nose and mouth in her fur, and despises free ventilation and oxygen. I suspect, in the case of such animals, the question of heat is always foremost, and that of air becomes a secondary matter entirely.

I am glad to note that reform in filter-making appears to be an accomplished fact. I have had various circulars sent to me of late days announcing that filters of the Pasteur-Chamberland type are being made in this country, and that investigations by experts have proved the power of such filters to free water entirely from the presence of microbes. This is a gratifying proof of the effect of the remonstrances of sanitarians, who have demonstrated the utter inefficiency of the filters in common use, and the dangers which attend the consumption of water which has been passed through these dirty receptacles. Badly filtered water is much worse than water which has not been filtered at all, because the water passed through a dirty filter is bound to absorb the filter's refuse and to receive an unwelcome addition to the impurities it may have contained originally. There is some consolation for us all in the thought that, even if it is by much repetition of arguments and many remonstrances that reforms can alone be effected, the constant reiteration of sanitary facts is not without value. One may hope at no very distant date to find the ordinary filter relegated as a kind of insanitary curiosity to our museums, where future generations who may study the art of water-purification will see how, in the nineteenth century, we slowly advanced to a knowledge of the real nature of that process.

A handy and interesting Life of Pasteur has been published by Messrs. Cassell and Co.—the authors being Professor and Mrs. Frankland. I have read the book with pleasure, although I was familiar with Pasteur's life-work, and although I had already perused more than one biography of the distinguished scientist. Pasteur during his lifetime was a very much abused man. People, ignorant of science altogether, ridiculed his aspirations, criticised his methods, and condemned his results. All his splendid work in connection with anthrax, with silkworm disease, with the spoiling of wines, and other industrial matters is forgotten by many of the critics to whom I allude. This record of Pasteur's labours should serve to show sceptics how great is the progress in medicine and science at large which is due to the investigations of the Rue d'Ulm.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

THE KING OF DENMARK'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Christian IX. of Denmark, who celebrated his eightieth birthday yesterday (Good Friday), is generally spoken of even in diplomatic circles as "a lucky King." Sometimes the adjective is uttered without the faintest *arrière-pensée*; at other times it is emphasised in a manner which breeds the suspicion that the speaker is not altogether convinced that "luck" and talent are very often only convertible terms. Now, there is not the least doubt that Christian, Prince of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg, has had during his nearly thirty-five years' reign a great many trumps dealt to him by Providence or chance. I leave the choice of words to the reader himself. Nay, the very fact of his having being selected in virtue of the Treaty of London (May 10, 1852) to succeed the last representative of that illustrious dynasty of Oldenburg, Frederick VII., was in itself a piece of good fortune which he perhaps did not expect, although he was not altogether a stranger to the house that had ruled over Denmark since the middle of the fifteenth century. It was practically an invitation to join the card party of the sovereigns of Europe, to which invitation Christian could neither lay claim by birth nor by one of those mighty deeds of valour the recollection of which made Victor Hugo exclaim that the first King that was, was only a successful soldier.

But although not born on the steps of a throne, nor indebted for his crown to the power of his sword, Christian, from the moment the prospect of his elevation became more than a mere possibility, enacted his part with a tact and feeling of responsibility which the natural heirs of a long line of Kings never surpassed. No man was ever less dazzled by the sudden turn of fortune, for fame and prosperity did not come in single spies to discover the real worth of his character, but in battalions. And fame and prosperity found few or no flaws. "One's natural state is not to be a King, but to be a man," said Joseph II. Christian remembered the maxim through good and evil report. His eldest daughter left her home to be the consort of the heir to the most powerful throne in Europe. When the festivities attending her betrothal and nuptials were at an end, King Christian resumed his modest mode of existence, and devoted, as of old, the leisure snatched from his official position to his family in that unpretentious Castle of Bernstorff, close to Copenhagen, whose walls have witnessed more genuine and heartfelt family affection than any royal demesne in the world, except perhaps the homes of England's sovereign and the Tuileries during the reign of Louis Philippe.

Another stroke of apparently good fortune came shortly afterwards. Christian's second son was offered the throne of Greece, and ascended it a couple of months before his sire ascended his. Christian was neither indifferent to the honour bestowed upon his offspring nor blind to the fickleness of the nation that had conferred the honour. That third magnificent trump so unexpectedly dealt to him made him, if anything, more careful as to the final upshot of the game. Both ancient and modern literature contain many proverbs and biting epigrams to the effect that Providence, as a rule, lavishes his favours on the least wise; which epigrams and



THE KING OF DENMARK'S ROOMS IN THE FREDENSBORG PALACE.

proverbs have been condensed by us into the pithy saying, "Fools get the cards." This may be true, but it requires a clever man to play them. Christian was equal to the occasion. The Prince who had brought up a family on a bare pittance—knew full well that a young fellow of exalted birth does not with impunity taste the comfort of a Royal Civil List, however restricted. And he, Christian, made a stipulation which is scarcely known to one in every thousand students of modern history. It is to the effect that in the event of King George being forced to abdicate, a pension of £24,000 shall be paid to him jointly by Russia, England, and France. Christian really stipulated for £40,000, but the sum was reduced to nearly half. Thirty-four years ago Christian foresaw events that nearly came to pass last year. That these events were averted may be due to Christian's "luck" or that of his son; the foreseeing of them stamps Christian as the clever man who, notwithstanding the trumps in his hand, paid due attention to the game.

Adversity found Christian as fully ready to face it soberly as prosperity had found him. There is no need to recapitulate the troubles that came thick and fast upon him at the outset of his reign. Bismarck averred that only three men in the wide world understood the rights and wrongs of the Schleswig-Holstein question—namely, Prince Albert, Lord Palmerston, and a subordinate official in the Berlin Ministry for Foreign Affairs. Prince Albert was dead, the subordinate official had gone stark mad in studying the question; Palmerston had only escaped a similar fate by refusing to pay any further attention to it. So the Gordian knot had to be cut by the sword. Austria helped Prussia, and her reward was the knot, while the latter belaboured her two years with the two ends left in her hand. But Denmark was despoiled nevertheless, and Europe stood by. Christian was by no means popular at that time. What he lost in territory he gained in popularity; since then this popularity has never waned.

Christian of Denmark is positively the modern Haroun Al-Raschid, with this difference: that he has never adopted a disguise in his daily perambulations through his capital. There is a well-known story of an old French dame who was annoyed at the refuse being shot in front of her house instead of being collected and carted away. "What is the Government doing?" she exclaimed loudly on several occasions. No old dame

in Copenhagen, however trifling or serious her grievance, proffers a similar remark. She does not trouble her head about the Government. Whether she be the aggressor or the assailed, she simply stands to her guns with the words: "Wait till the King comes round, and we shall see." As a rule, the disputants have not very long to wait: four-and-twenty, or at the utmost forty-eight, hours after the commencement of the misunderstanding the affair is settled. One fine morning two Great Danes are seen running up

Prince Waldemar, Dowager The Czar, Queen of Princess
Princess of Wales, Empress of Russia, King of Denmark, Denmark, Victoria of Wales.



A ROYAL GROUP AT COPENHAGEN.

the street, and at the same time the parties interested are running to their doors; for they know that the canine visitors are only preceding their royal master by a few yards. The King gives judgment there and then, as St. Louis did under the oak at Vincennes, and everyone is satisfied—even the losing party—for few of his subjects, and least of all the humbler, ever call in question the justice of Christian IX. In that respect, the diplomatists who call him "a lucky King" may be correct. We respectfully wish him many happy returns of the day.

Our Illustrations, from photographs by Mr. George, of Bernstorff, include a very representative royal group taken at Copenhagen, which, owing to royal inter-marriages, is more frequently than most capitals the scene of illustrious family gatherings. The Amalienborg Palace, the royal residence within the capital, is in reality four separate palaces, two of which are reserved for the King and Queen. The Fredensborg Palace is interesting to English people as the summer residence at which Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark were much in each other's society throughout their early years.



THE KING OF DENMARK'S LIBRARY IN THE AMALIENBORG PALACE.



THE PRINCE OF WALES FIRING A MAXIM GUN: MR. MAXIM STANDING BY.
From a Photograph by Russell and Sons, Wimbledon.



WITH THE TIRAH EXPEDITIONARY FORCE: A TYPICAL GURKHA.
Sketched from Life by Lieutenant-Colonel C. Pulley, Gurkha Rifles.



RETURN OF TROOPS FROM THE INDIAN FRONTIER CAMPAIGN: LANDING FROM THE STEAM-SHIP "NUBIA" AT SOUTHAMPTON.
From a Photograph by Stuart, Southampton.



GLIMPSES OF ENGLISH VILLAGES.

LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

The Providence that presides over Lutetian dressmakers must be considered in mood most propitious at the present season, for never has "the week or two in Paris" prevailed more extensively. Everyone seems seized with the furore for Easter holiday-making across the water; and the *arrière-pensée* of a possible frock or two thrown in brings satisfaction to the most otherwise frugally minded. "It does seem such waste of time to go to Paris and not buy clothes!" as a fully trousseaued bride said lately to her husband on arrival; and if a bride with eighteen trunks can feel like that, what must be the feelings of less plenteously equipped maid or matronhood? The joy of actual possession, not to add the anticipatory satisfaction in our best friend's subsequent envy, is alone worth crossing the Channel, with all its pranks and ground-swells. Even where frocks at over so many thousands of francs are out of the question, the hat of Paris is always possible, and it is almost worth being a woman (if one were not a man) to watch the various charming aspects we assume as the voluble and ecstatic *vendeuse* disguises our own familiar self in one millinery monstrosity after another. Strictly *en parenthèse*, let me advise the wise in time therefore to bring away with her one of the new satin-lined hat-boxes which Foot, of 171, New Bond Street, is making such a vogue. They are strong, light, pack away millinery *ad lib.*, and are now confessedly the *vide mecum* of every fashionable and well-hatted woman. Another true and trusty *compagnon de voyage* hides under the name of "Izal," which presented itself to me, on a first reading, as some strange, mysterious, occult spirit—a cross between Ariel and Beelzebub; until the domesticities introduced it variously as an excellent household bar soap or a praiseworthy disinfecting powder, as a bland and emollient cream for soothing cracked lips or chilblained extremities, or a veterinary ointment, or all the hundred and one invaluable appliances to which a non-poisonous disinfectant adapts itself, in fact. And why, after all, should not one's favourite medicine and bodily balm be prettily named Izal, in preference to such forbidding labels as Ipecacuanha, which make one cough to think of pronouncing them? All the same, it was a shock to find I could swallow Izal in pellets or lozenges and feel much better next morning. Nowadays my ways by train or steam are rarely unaccompanied by one or other form of this far-reaching invention.

Apropos of travelling, many are still making for Cannes, where the Golf Club attracts a large contingent of the smart and sporting. The Grand Duke Michael of Russia, as



AN EXAMPLE OF THE NEW "MORNING COAT" STYLE.

President, has worked it up into a most efficient assembly. His wife, the popular Countess Torby, shows up most days on the links in her smart scarlet jacket and white skirt. One of the prizes went to her excellent play at last week's contest, the Prince of Wales, who seemed keenly interested, following the Countess and Mrs. Walker's play all round the links. American girls, who are nothing if not in the movement, have taken very kindly to golf, by the way, and, added to the piquancy of their red umbrellas and dainty silk-sleeved sweaters—to use the hideous name for their shapely woven waistcoats—someone has now introduced a golling sun-bonnet

which will, it is said, be the crux of forthcoming summer meets. The brim, rounder and wider than that of the old-fashioned rustic bonnet, is tied with wide white lawn strings, and this Arcadian headgear is further composed of dainty flowered cambrics and muslins, and is altogether inexpressibly becoming. What the seductive sun-bonnets and the strikers-off therein will be responsible for this season who can forecast? Meanwhile, reverting to more conventional chiffons, two examples of seasonable outdoor dress are shown in accompanying illustrations, which should at once solve the question so many are asking themselves just now as to the best form of smart, yet suitable, mid-season habiliments. This little tan-coloured tailor-made, with braided bouffant skirt and the neatest of short jackets, is a garment that will meet most occasions to the end of May and longer. The hat of black and ivory satin straw, with black plumage and diamond-centred velvet rosettes, will be found useful and becoming.

Brought even more up to date, if that were possible, is the sketch of this long, tight-fitting "morning coat," with slightly trained skirt of dark claret-coloured cloth. Wide and narrow black braids are used on coat and skirt, and it will be noticed that the old pocket-braiding is revived on this latest summary of the mode. A charming little white felt hat, underneath which the hair is tucked, has a trimming of ruched striped gauze, and the quills, which are fastened in with a diamond buckle, are of black and white. The reason this particular style comes to be called a morning coat is obviously from its cutaway fronts, which borrow their form from a masculine prototype. By the way, a new material in which woven aluminium plays an important part is a forthcoming factor for evening, dinner, and Court gowns. In buttons, sequins for embroidery, lace, and other applied arts, this light and lovely grey metal is already having its innings; but, as forming parts of our brocades and silken stuffs, it certainly comes as a surprise; and in going out to dinner in woven metal, a woman may literally regard herself as coated in mail, for aluminium approaches the invulnerable more than most metals.

Among other necessities of travel in these troublous times of weather we must recognise the inevitable rain-coat, which is now made in so many elegant and dainty forms that no one need fear to spoil a pretty costume by wearing one. Formerly the hideous balloon-shaped tent that disguised one's best effects was the only wear, but that is not now. Talking of tents reminds me also of a new combination rain-coat for men, which looks quite shapely and smart when worn, and yet combined with a second coat makes a capital tent, in which two men can lie at full length or sit comfortably sheltered from contrary elements. The obvious advantages of this half-tent and coat in one cannot be overrated for cyclists, sportsmen, mountaineers, or, in fact, any outdoor occasion, whether of pleasure or profit. Messrs. Nicholson, of Cheetham, Manchester, are the inventors, and, as rain-proof specialists, have proved themselves in this new departure once more most convincingly ingenious. SYBIL.

NOTES.

We find a great difference of opinion developing as to the laws restricting, or, as it is more popularly called, "regulating" the labour of working women for wages. Last week, Adelina Duchess of Bedford opened her drawing-room to a meeting to organise further voluntary aid in enforcing these laws. Speeches were made urging the well-known arguments that working women in laundries, factories, and workshops must be protected against their own willingness to work overtime and under unfavourable conditions; and it was decided to organise a committee to explain to district visitors, nurses, and the like, the details of what the law provides, and through them to encourage the workers to make private complaints to this committee of their surroundings and conditions of work. Certain conditions of labour cannot be dealt with, the promoters of the movement claim, unless the official lady inspectors under the Factory Acts are aided by the workpeople or those in close connection with them. There seems an unpleasant flavour of spying and secret denunciation in these proposals. However, the Bishop of Stepney, Canon Eyton, Miss Tuckwell, and Mr. McKenna, M.P., urged the system on the Duchess's guests.

Shortly before, the contrary view was presented at a special meeting called by the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women, a body which has existed under the patronage of the Queen for many years, and has done good service in enlarging the fields of wage-earning work open to women. On the motion of Lord Fortescue, it was decided to send a memorial to the Home Secretary, pointing out the loss of employment caused by the requirements of the law being more exacting to employers when women workers are engaged than they are with regard to men—the inevitable result being that in many cases women are discharged and men taken in their places. Several definite instances of this actually occurring are given by the society. They further point to the universal testimony of Labour Commissioners and others that wages for the poorest class of working women have fallen greatly in the last few years, and argue that this is the natural consequence of the closing of all sorts of occupations against them in the same period by the so-called protective laws.

It is left to the discretion of the Home Secretary what trades shall be proclaimed as "under the Factory Laws"—with the result that women engaged in them may not work before or after certain hours; may not stop to do overtime in an emergency, however willing; must be provided with certain cubic space, etc.—none of which restrictions are placed on men doing the same work for the same employers. Constant pressure is put on the Home Secretary from some quarters to add to the number of "protected" trades. The latest work that he is asked to "regulate" for women is fish-curing at Yarmouth. Some

of these benevolent folks have found out that whenever there is a great catch of fish, the women curers are kept at work for long stretches in preserving it in various ways before it goes bad. The workers do not complain: they know that, the fishers having got the fish by danger and toil, the work of preserving it for human food must be done; and they are glad to earn more by great exertion at one time to compensate for the inevitable slackness at



A BECOMING TAILOR-MADE COSTUME.

others. Very long hours for workers are unfortunate, of course; but if it is good public policy to restrict them, why should not men be prohibited from so working as well as women? As it is, if the women curers are placed under those laws, men will be taken on in their places. Higher wages will probably be paid the men, but that will be better than wasting the bulk of a great catch of fish; the curing must and will be done, but the working women will be ousted from employment. Will they thus be served or injured? That is the point of difference between the Duchess's Society and the Society for the Employment of Women.

Encouraged by the success of our women Guardians, and of such institutions as the Nightingale Fund in England, the French Government has decided to ask some ladies to share in the management of the "Assistance Publique" by joining its council. This body is the nearest equivalent that the French have to our Poor-law arrangements; but is far less wide-reaching and generous. Indeed, the famous Communist, Louise Michel, declared, on visiting an English workhouse, with its provision for the little children, the deserted mothers, and the aged poor, and its infirmary for the sick, to all of which the destitute have an absolute claim in law, that if such a system were established in France she would see no reason for agitating for further "communism." The Assistance Publique is a central organisation for the Paris hospitals of all kinds, but cannot do much that should be done for the relief of poverty.

Lent, and Holy Week in particular, induce many ladies to make trial of the virtues of the vegetable world in the cuisine. Soups can be excellent without a scrap of meat in the stock. They must, indeed, be thick soups or purées; a good clear soup cannot be made without either fresh meat or a generous allowance of Liebig. But Palestine (Jerusalem artichoke) onion, bonne femme, parmentière (potato), haricot, and a number of others can be made first-rate from water alone, or milk, helped sometimes with a beaten egg or two, and sometimes with grated Parmesan cheese. There are also many excellent entrées to be found in vegetarian cookery-books which are very wholesome and novel. One needs a cook trained to make such vegetable dishes. Here is an important "tip." In making a milk soup the milk must be boiled in an absolutely clean saucepan before a particle of salt is added to it. Neglect of this detail insures a curdled soup. Again, even in cookery books, one is told to "beat an egg in a tureen and pour the soup on it." Not so, if you value the smoothness of your soup, but have the eggs well beaten in a basin, pour the soup boiling from the fire into a heated tureen, and then slip in the eggs by degrees, stirring vigorously all the time.

I regret to find that I was misinformed in the statement (though I had it from what I supposed to be a reliable source) that the young Queen of Holland would be required to resign her throne on a male heir coming of age. This would not be the case. F. F.-M.

THE NEW KRONTHAL MINERAL WATER.

Among the few things "made in Germany" at which we do not grumble must be classed the mineral waters that are now being imported in immense quantities into England. Perhaps this statement is not quite correct, for those who understand the subject do grumble at such German mineral waters as are manufactured in Germany by the Germans. For, alas! the alcoholic beverages have no monopoly of adulteration and sophistication, and tens of thousands—perhaps, millions—of bottles of so-called mineral waters are consumed yearly in this land that are but mere impostors, are water taken from wells, full of organic impurities, to which chloride of sodium and lithium or sulphates of magnesia and soda are deliberately added, doubtless according to accepted formula; while, of course, some carbonic acid gas is forced in so as to give brilliance and tickle the palate. It is hardly needful to say that these imitations of Nature are almost if not quite valueless, and in some cases injurious. Just as all the shareholders in a company taken together are not the company, so all the constituent parts of a mineral water assembled together do not constitute the water. You may take the water and, by aid of science, analyse it so as to learn to infinitely small fractions exactly what it contains, and then, aided by the investigation, seek with the assistance of all the ingredients in exact proportions to build up the water, but you will fail. An obvious illustration suggests itself: the success of the great breweries is based on the quality of the local water; the nature of the water and its constituent parts is known, but the chemist cannot make a true copy; he can make a copy that to the chemist will seem true, but the brewer and the public too quickly note the difference. For Nature has her secrets of manufacture which defy the *savant*; possibly it is time, time almost unlimited, that is her fellow-conspirator in producing her inimitable wonders. The manufacturer can only use force or heat or cold in substitution for the time that grudging nature refuses him, and he can but use these on a scale that must seem almost ridiculous to nature.

The genuine mineral waters that well up from the laboratories of nature are of immense service to mankind, whether taken internally or externally. This fact has been recognised for many centuries. Herod tried the warm baths at Callirrhoe, near the Dead Sea, for his famous malady—at least, Josephus says so; while the old Greeks built their temples of Æsculapius near warm and mineral springs. Moreover, the Romans discovered and employed not merely the thermic springs in Italy, but also those of Spa in Belgium, of Aix-la-Chapelle, Aix-en-Provence, Baden-Baden, and Bath. No doubt the service of the waters was less appreciated during the early part of mediæval history, because, unfortunately, a mistaken idea of asceticism and scorn of the flesh consisted in an abhorrence of baths even medicated. However, even so long as three centuries ago the springs of Kronthal became famous, and Montanus in 1593 described them and their wonderful qualities enthusiastically in his "Wasserschatz"; while subsequently the poet Gerning not only used his pen in describing the lovely scenery of the district, but also employed his lyre in singing praises of the waters. Nor is this surprising, for if the poet happened to have suffered from indigestion—a rather common complaint of the mediæval poets, who (*pace* Gringoire) alternated between over-eating and starving—and took a course of the spring now called Kronthal ("blue" label), he had good grounds for being grateful.

Kronthal, or "Krone der Thäler," the Crown of the Valleys, is so fortunate as to possess four medicinal springs, differing considerably in their properties, though all belonging to the class technically spoken of as alkaline saline waters, if one adopts the classification of Althaus; and it is so lucky as to enjoy a situation of extraordinary beauty. Indeed, it is not remarkable that the Palace of Friedrichshof, which is close to the spring, should be the favourite residence of the Empress Frederick, who, as a matter of fact, takes a great interest in the springs and their amazing development. Kronberg itself is of no little antiquity, since its castle dates from the beginning of the thirteenth century. The Kronberg family remained in possession until the beginning of the eighteenth century, when the property was converted into an imperial fief; in 1866 it came to Prussia. One may put on record the fact that the Kronberg family—if the chronicles may be accepted—unlike so many of the troubled times, did not indulge regularly

in brigandage, though, of course, there were occasional lapses into such irregular courses. It contributed its share, and perhaps even more than its share, of more or less pious Crusaders; and some of them, on their return from the Holy Land, brought back specimens of the native chestnut, which they planted in the Taunus district, which now has quite a Southern appearance. Among the important members of the family was Hartmuth, famous for his services in the cause of the Reformation, whose statue may now be seen in the Town Gardens.

For many years Kronthal waters have enjoyed great popularity in Germany. In 1875, when the sale of the water in bottles was started, no less than 95,000 were sold—very considerable for those days. In the following year



MR. H. MACONOCHE, MANAGING DIRECTOR.

the sale exceeded half a million, and quickly rose to several millions, without the assistance of any form of advertisement. Consequently it has been necessary from time to time to increase the bottling-houses, which at present are on such a vast scale as to be able to grapple with the task of serving no less than ten millions out of the fifty million bottles which represent the amazing output of these inexhaustible springs. The present proprietors, "the Kronthal Company, Limited," a powerful private company in which many prominent and influential people of rank, both in Germany and England, are interested, are fortunate enough to possess a considerable tract of land surrounding the springs, and are therefore enabled to prevent any chance of contamination. Kronthal, fortunately, is situated on a slope, and the higher grounds reach up to lovely forests; so, consequently, there is no fear of the precious gifts of nature being sullied in any way ere they issue forth in crystalline fountains; and, since they

or spirits. It has the advantage of stimulating the digestion and also of assisting the assimilation of food.

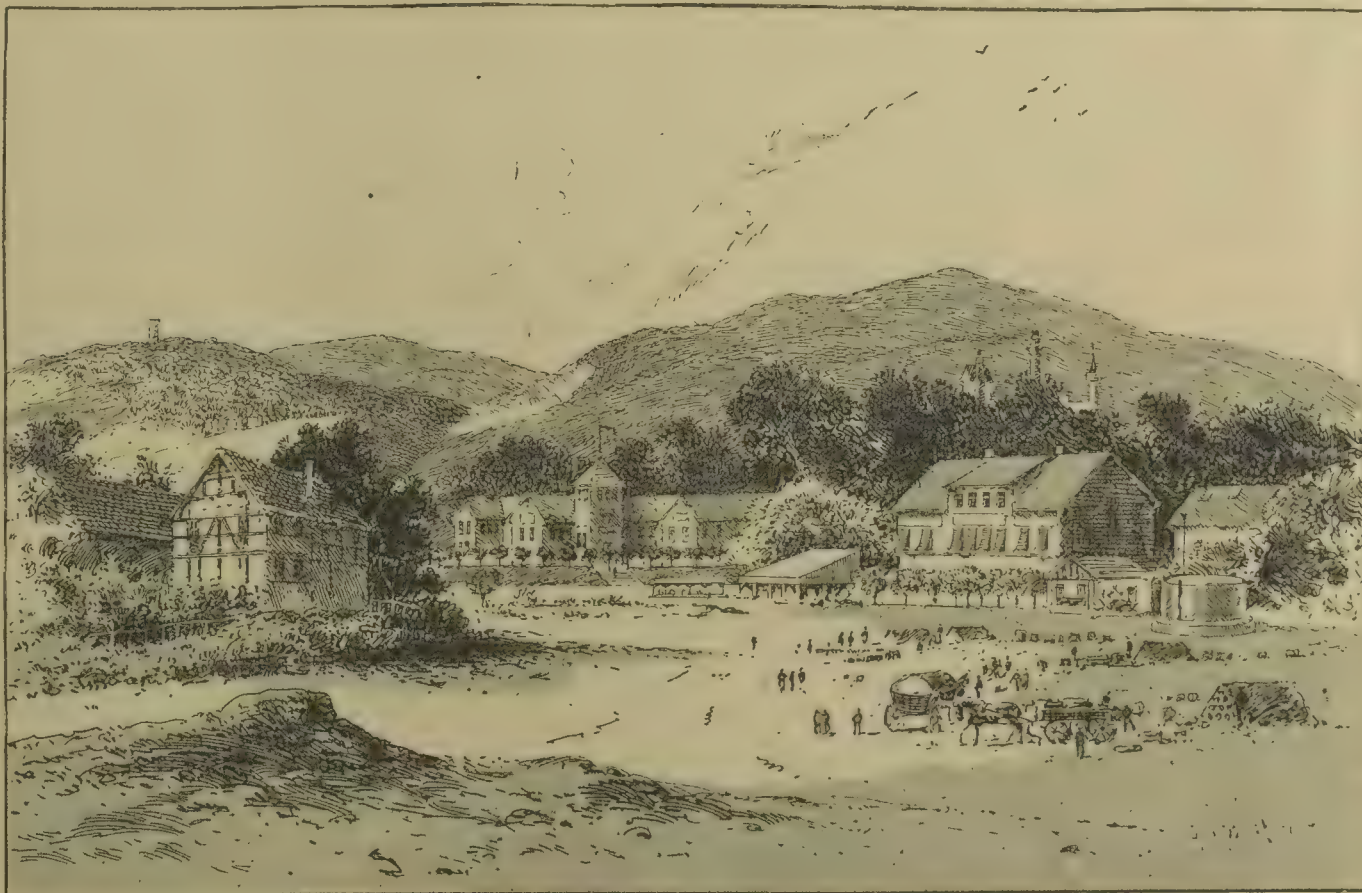
The "red" label, from the source actually called the Kronthal, has somewhat more powerful medical qualities, and though popular in Germany as a table-water, probably will only be acceptable in England or the States as a medicinal water. Its services are most considerable in cases of gout, rheumatism, or indigestion. The gastric catarrh which of late has been so common in England is said to yield rapidly to treatment with this water. As compared with the William's Spring water, it contains nearly twice as much chloride of sodium, and a slightly less quantity of carbonate of magnesia and carbonate of iron. In both, the free carbonic acid gas, which gives the charming sparkle and brilliance, is present in almost equal quantities, and fortunately, too, in sufficient quantities to render needless that artificial impregnation with carbonic acid gas required to render some mineral waters drinkable.

The "yellow" label is put upon the bottles from the Stahl or Steel Spring, which is a potent water of immense value in cases of anæmia and chlorosis. Indeed, there are many visitors every year to the spring who come with a view of a cure from this water, which contains proto-carbonate of iron in considerable quantity. It is of very great value, particularly when used either before or after the employment of those more strongly ferruginous waters, which it is unsafe either to approach without some preparation of the system or to abandon suddenly. The fourth spring, the Bismarck, with a "green" label, at present less developed than the others, most resembles the water of the William's Spring, but it has practically no chloride of sodium. Its chief service undoubtedly is as a beneficent table water.

It is a gratifying feature of the Kronthal Springs that their excellence has been well attested by such experts as Dr. Arthur Hill Hassall (so long ago as 1878), Dr. Julius Löwe, of Frankfurt (in 1854), and, among others, Dr. V. Buhl, and Dr. Ludwig Büchner; indeed, one might name quite a host of other medical men who hold a high opinion of their quality. The natural result has been that the Kronthal waters have had great success at the International Exhibitions, and, in fact, have been awarded no less than nineteen gold medals and prizes, despite the very keen competition which now exists in the mineral water industry. Moreover, it enjoys the advantage of being directly patronised by H.I.M. the Empress Frederick and H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge.

Until now the necessity for fully arranging to deal with the immense and yet growing demand in Germany has prevented the proprietors from paying due attention to the claims of this country and the States, in both of which, though lamentable errors are made, the public is becoming truly alive to the fact that pure mineral waters, as supplied by nature, are infinitely preferable for table purposes to manufactured waters, and also that the use of the medicinal waters when actually bottled at the springs may, except in extreme cases, save the necessity of the actual journey to the wells, impossible to some on account of the expense, and to others because of the time required for a cure. Consequently the organisation and management of the company's business has been intrusted to Mr. Maconochie, vice-chairman and managing director of the Kronthal Company, Limited,

whose name stands among the highest in the great mineral water industry. For Mr. Maconochie managed the Johannis Water both here and in America from the time when its sale was but 50,000 bottles a year until it reached nearly five millions. Indeed, it was under his direction that the company, which was started with a modest capital of £20,000, when it amalgamated with the Apollinaris Company was sold for almost £400,000. After accomplishing his task with such success, he naturally turned his attention elsewhere, and having taken a large interest in the Kronthal Company, seems certain to steer it to a success at least as remarkable. Indeed, seeing that he has the handling of the product of springs unique in advantages of situation and possessing



THE KRONTHAL SPRINGS.

are bottled actually at the wells, those who seek health and those who merely demand a pure table water may be certain of getting what they want.

For purposes of classification the bottles have labels of different colours, which indicate not merely the sources but the characteristics of the sources. The favourite bears a "blue" label, and comes from the William's Spring. It is an alkaline, gaseous, slightly saline table-water, very agreeable if taken alone to those who care about such absolutely non-alcoholic drinks, while it blends admirably with wines

the immense benefit of offering table-waters which blend perfectly with even the most delicate of wines, and are absolutely natural, containing NO ADDED SALTS, and also medicinal waters of greatest value, particularly in those cases of disorder of the digestion and stomach which under our present mode of feverish existence are growing more and more common, there seems every likelihood that he will make Kronthal as absolute a household word in England as it is in Germany, and be able to bring pleasure and health to tens of thousands of our citizens.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will of Mr. H. Leopold Beddington, of 3, Cornwall Terrace, N.W., who died on Feb. 19, is in course of proof by the executors, Mr. David Lionel Beddington, the son, Mr. Edward Montefiore Nicholls, of 2, Talbot Square, Hyde Park, Mr. Herbert Melville Beddington, of 8, Cornwall Terrace, the nephew, and Mr. Gerald Ernest Beddington, of 47, Mount Street, Park Lane, the value of the estate being £493,544 13s. 6d. The testator bequeaths 120 shares of £25 each of the Industrial Dwellings Company, Limited, to the Board of Guardians for the relief of the Jewish poor, Devonshire Square; £500 to the London Hospital; £200 to the Jews' Hospital and Orphan Asylum (Norwood); £100 each to the United Synagogue, the Metropolitan Free Hospital (Kingsland Road), the Jews' Free School (Bell Lane, Spitalfields), the Jews' Infant Schools (Commercial Street, Whitechapel), the Jews' Blind Society, the North London University College Hospital (Gower Street), St. Mary's Hospital (Paddington), the Cancer Hospital (Brompton), the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest (Victoria Park), the Hospital for Diseases of the Throat (Golden Square), the Jewish Convalescent Home (South Norwood), and Queen Charlotte's Lying-In Hospital (Marylebone Road); and £1000 to the Royal National Life-boat Institution for the purchase and equipment of a life-boat, which he desires should be called the *Rose Beddington* in memory of his wife. He also gives £150,000, upon trust, for his son, David Lionel Beddington, for life, and then to his children as he shall by deed or will appoint; and numerous legacies to relatives and servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son, David Lionel Beddington, absolutely.

The will (dated Jan. 4, 1893), with a codicil (dated April 9, 1897), of the Right Hon. Charles Pelham Villiers, P.C., M.P. for Wolverhampton from 1835, of 50, Cadogan Place, Chelsea, who died on Jan. 16, was proved on March 26 by John Thornely and Mrs. Maria Welsh, the executors, the gross value of the estate being £356,467, and the net personal £354,687. The testator gives £1000 each to his nephews, the Rev. Henry Montague Villiers, Captain Ernest Villiers, and Thomas Lister Villiers; £500 to his nephew, the Hon. Francis Hyde Villiers; £2000 to William Hardman; £3000, his household furniture and effects, and an annuity of £300 to Mrs. Maria Welsh; and £100 to John Thornely. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his two nephews, the Rev. Henry Montague Villiers and Captain Ernest Villiers.

The will (dated Nov. 30, 1894) of Mr. Mayow Wynell Adams, J.P., of The Old House, Sydenham, who died on Feb. 18, was proved on March 25 by Herbert Mayow Fisher Rowe, the grandson, and Baldwin Dacres Adams, the nephew, the executors, the value of the estate being £56,341, and the net personal £48,125. The testator bequeaths £200 to his niece, Mrs. Gemina Cecilia Clarke; £200 each to his nephews, George Francis Adams, Thomas William Adams, and Baldwin Dacres Adams; £100 to his niece, Anna Maria Adams, and legacies to relatives and

servants. All his real and the residue of his personal estate he leaves to his grandson, Herbert Mayow Fisher Rowe. There are many gifts to his wife, but it appears that she died in his lifetime.

The will (dated Feb. 17, 1894) of Mr. Thomas Penrice, D.L., J.P., of Kilvrough House, Park Mill, Swansea, who died on Dec. 29, was proved on March 23 by Admiral Sir Algernon McLennan Lyons, K.C.B., and William Denman Benson, the executors, the gross value of the estate being £35,275, and of the net personal £18,081. The testator bequeaths such a sum as, with the value of the policies of insurance on his life, will make up £20,000 to the trustees of the marriage settlement of his daughter Mrs. Jane Benson; an annuity of £40 to his sister Emma Vernon Penrice, and £26 per annum to Emma Freeman, his wife's nurse. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his daughter Louisa Jane, Lady Lyons.

The will (dated July 28, 1897) of Admiral Samuel Hoskins Derriman, C.B., of 52, Queen's Gate, South Kensington, who died on Nov. 21, was proved on March 25 by Captain Philip Langdale, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £29,334. The testator gives £9000, upon trust, for his daughter, Mrs. Gertrude Lysley Langdale; £8000 to his daughter, Mrs. Alys Prynn Bosanquet; £3000, upon trust, for his son, Gerald Lysley Derriman; and £100 to his sister-in-law, Caroline Ann Derriman. The residue of his property he leaves to his three children.

The will (dated April 4, 1891), with two codicils (dated April 14, 1894, and July 20, 1895), of the Right Hon. Frances Anna Maria, Countess Russell, widow of Lord John Russell, of Pembroke Lodge, Richmond, who died on Jan. 17, was proved on March 23 by the Hon. Francis Albert Rollo Russell, the son, and Lady Mary Agatha Russell, the daughter, the value of the estate being £27,945. The testatrix bequeaths £10,000 to her daughter. All the residue of her property, including her interest in houses in Belgrave Square and Chesham Street, she leaves between her son and daughter. Her letters, papers, and diaries are to be dealt with as she shall by a memorandum direct.

The will (dated April 22, 1895) of Mr. John Mortimer Hunt, of Bellevue, Holmwood, Dorking, and 4, Airlie Gardens, Kensington, who died at Ventnor on Nov. 20, was proved on March 22 by Mrs. Eliza Hunt, the widow, Wilfrid Mortimer Hunt, the son, and Henry Francis Makins, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £27,270. The testator gives £100 each to his executors; £100 and his household furniture to his wife, and subject thereto he leaves all his property, upon trust, for her for life, and then as she shall by deed or will appoint to his children. In default thereof he gives £2000 to his son Wilfrid; £1000 each to his sons Edmund Henderson and Oswald Andrew; and the ultimate residue between all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated June 19, 1897) of Mr. John Albert Copland, of Chelmsford, Essex, who died on Jan. 31, was proved on March 26 by Mrs. Mary Copland, the widow, and Charles Albert Copland, the Rev. Cecil Copland, and

Maurice Copland, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate being £25,889, and of the net personal £14,192. The testator bequeaths £500 and his jewels to his wife; ten shares of the Chelmsford Corn Exchange Company to his sister, Agnes Annette Copland; and legacies to his clerks and servants. He gives his business, together with the law books and papers, to his sons Charles and Maurice. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife during her life or widowhood. At her decease or remarriage he gives £500 to his daughter Beatrice; £300 to his son Maurice; £150 to his son Cecil; and the ultimate residue between all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated July 15, 1895) of Mr. Stephen Grant, the celebrated gunmaker of 67A, St. James's Street, S.W., and "Riverside," Twickenham, who died on Jan. 21, was proved on March 23 by Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Grant, the widow, and Stephen Grant and Herbert Edward Grant, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate being £22,413, and the net personal £12,933. The testator leaves his property, upon various trusts, for his wife and children.

The will and codicil of the Ven. George Henry Greville Anson, of Birch Rectory, Birch, Lancashire, formerly Archdeacon of Manchester, who died on Feb. 8 last, were proved on March 17 at the Manchester District Registry by Sir William Reynell Anson, Bart., the nephew and surviving executor, the value of the estate being £10,979. The testator bequeaths £500 and his furniture and household effects to his wife; all his oil-paintings to his nephew; and three small legacies. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life. At her death £3000 is to go as she shall direct; £500 to the children of his late brother Sir John Anson (except his said nephew); £2500 to the children of his sister Mrs. Louise Frances Maria Ducane; £500 to his niece Elizabeth Anson; and the ultimate residue to his nephew Sir W. R. Anson.

The will (dated Aug. 25, 1881) of Major William Cooper Cooper, F.S.A., J.P., D.L., of Toddington Manor, Bedford, who died on Jan. 20, was proved on March 17 by Francis Frederic Richard Mansel Morgan, the surviving executor, the gross value of the estate being £11,719 3s. 10d., and of the net personal £9421 18s. 2d. The testator gives £200 to his executor, and all his paintings, medals, coins, and antiquities are to devolve as heirlooms and to follow the trusts of his settled estates. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son, William Smith Cooper Cooper. Large provisions are also made for Mrs. Cooper, but it appears she predeceased him.

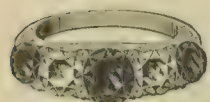
The will of the Hon. Samuel Swire Plues, of Risplith, Weybridge, who died on Feb. 25, was proved on March 24 by Miss Mary Margaret Plues, the sister and executrix, the value of the estate being £3120.

The will of Mr. Samuel Smallwood Walley, of 5, Waterloo Road, Birkdale, Southport, and 66, Dale Street, Manchester, merchant, who died on Feb. 1, was proved on March 23 by Mrs. Jemima Walley, the widow and sole executrix, the gross value of the estate being £5038, and the net personal £2493.

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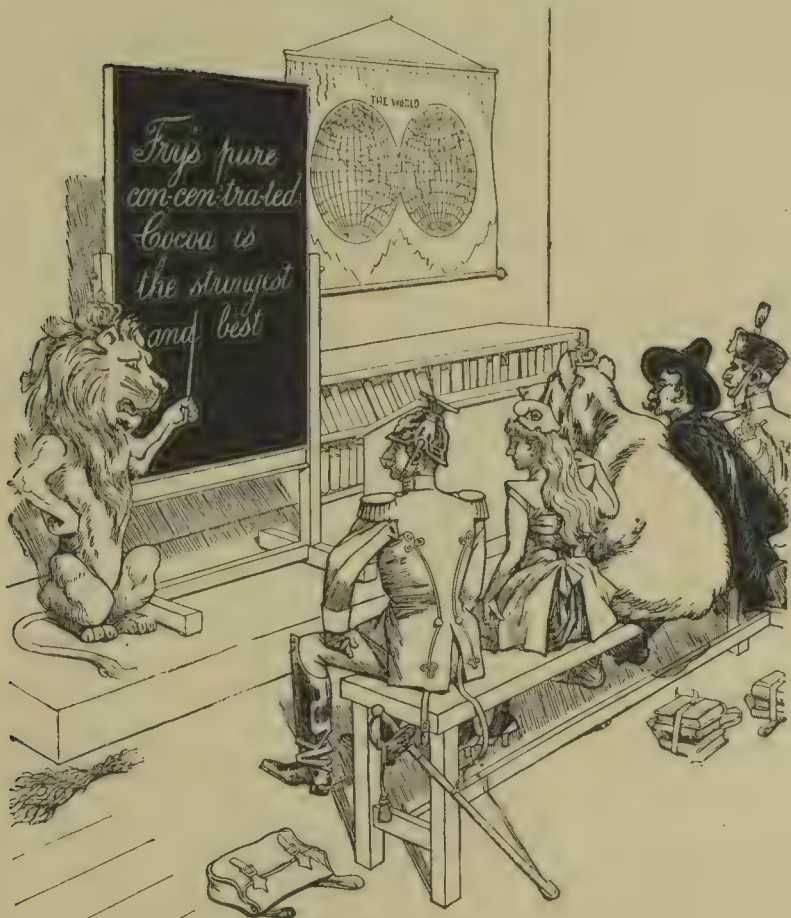
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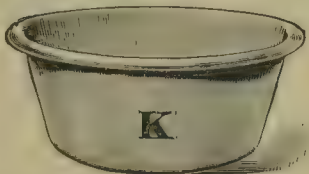
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

It seems to become more difficult to get good men to go out as colonial Bishops. The Rev. Henry Geo, Vice-Principal of St. John's Hall, Highbury, has just declined an offer from the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Mr. Chatterton Dix, the author of "As with gladness men of old" and other well-known hymns, has fallen on trying times. Loss of income and loss of health have come together. His Bristol friends are therefore raising a testimonial to him. Mr. Dix explains, however, that his wife has private means, and that he is in no danger of want.

The important living of Christ Church, Finchley, has been conferred on the Rev. J. T. Lang, Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. The patronage is in the hands of Evangelical trustees. Mr. Lang was twelfth Wrangler in the Tripos of 1866, and was twenty years Vicar of St. Benet's, Cambridge.

A new organ is to be put in Christ Church, Gipsy Hill, but the Vicar has announced to his people that when the organ is erected it will not be played until its full cost is in the treasurer's hands, in money or in promises.

The Dean of Rochester, for reasons unassigned, has resigned the presidency of the Free and Open Church Society.

Prebendary Webb-Peploe stated at a meeting in Liverpool lately that he had received quite recently from the Archbishop of York a letter in which the Archbishop stated: "I should be very sorry, indeed, to think that you represented the Protestantism of the country." He wrote back to the Archbishop stating that he did not deserve such a reproach.

Lord Northbourne has requested the Dean and Chapter of Durham to allow a tablet to the memory of Bishop Butler to be placed on the walls of the Cathedral. Lord Northbourne wishes it affixed to the pier close to the first monument lately erected to the memory of Bishop Lightfoot. It is stated that Mr. Gladstone has written the inscription to be engraved on the tablet.

It has been stated that the Rev. Thomas Scott Uxley, who recently died at Canterbury, was a direct descendant of Sir Walter Scott. It is not so. He was descended from the brother of Scott, to whom some silly people attributed a share in the Waverley Novels.

A member of the School Board of a place called Mexborough proposed the other day to purchase the Polychrome Bible for the use of the teachers. The Polychrome Bible is a publication which gives in a quaint way the results of the Higher Critics, the books of the Bible being printed in various colours, the colours being supposed to designate the different authors. There are so many authors, it appears, to some books that the stock of colours almost gives out.

The late Professor Stokes, of the University of Dublin, was a High Churchman, a man of much geniality and wide reading. He was an excellent authority on the

history of his own country, and though not perhaps a very exact scholar, was invariably racy and suggestive on all the subjects he touched.

The *Record* has been very much brightened up lately, and is now full of news.

The late Canon Erskine Knollys was very intimate with Archibishop Tait, and especially with Mrs. Tait. When Crawford Tait took holy orders he commenced work as curate to his father's and mother's old friend. The Canon was famous for his habit of very early rising. By breakfast-time he used to get through his large correspondence, and have the day free for other work.—V.

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

The Royal Society of British Artists has on more than one occasion offered itself in the true spirit of self-sacrifice to the ambitious reformer, but the effects of such efforts have at the best been but transitory. There is one reform to which the majority of the Council can scarcely be expected to submit—that of graceful withdrawal. As a theatre upon the boards of which every new artist of promise might claim to make his debut, the exhibitions in Suffolk Street might do much towards the fostering and advancement of British artists. In order, however, to make such a scheme really useful, it would be necessary for the Council to impose upon themselves and all intending exhibitors, an age limit, fixed at a sufficiently early age to make it effective. Such a suggestion is probably a mere counsel of perfection, but it would not be at all impossible to arrange the two exhibitions which are now held each year so that the "veterans" should have one to themselves, and that the other should be set apart for "the Young Guard." We venture to think that not only would this arrangement be advantageous to art, but also to the artists. The elder men would only compete among themselves upon familiar lines, and the younger men, in like manner, might, with greater freedom than elsewhere, give the public their views of modern art without the prejudices with which the New English Art Club is hide-bound.

So far as regards the present exhibition, it is, on the whole, better than many of its predecessors; but it is commonplace, and undistinguished by any really important work of promise or performance. The place of honour in the central gallery is possibly with justice assigned to Mr. A. D. McCormick's "Children of the Foam," a large canvas dealing with sea-nymphs and sea-gulls. There is a good deal of clever drawing in the two nude figures resting on nothing in particular, and surrounded by a number of fluttering birds. The prevailing idea is that of movement, or rather of flutter; and although there is much transparency in the colour, there is also a chalkiness which in places suggests flatness. On either side of this work is a landscape of considerable size, but of less merit—"The Fold," by Mr. Greville Morris, and "Dolcarrog, North Wales," by Mr. H. P. Hain Friswell, the latter having the advantage in the way of atmospheric effect. As a general rule, the landscapes are more satisfactory than the figure-subjects, but whether

this be due to the habits of the artists or the taste of the Council cannot be divined. Be that as it may, several works in this line may be commended to notice, such as Mr. Tom Robertson's "Valley of the Tay," in which the low-lying haze is deftly translated; Mr. J. W. Parsons' "Evening Sun and Shadow," the latter wrapping the foreground of the picture; Mr. Trevor Haddon's "On the Moors," which should be compared with Mr. Arthur Ryle's bolder sky effect, "Sunset," but the latter is seen more to his advantage in a larger picture, "Gay Daylight"; Mr. Val Davis's "The Brook"; Mr. Montague Smyth's "The Flock Returning"; Miss A. Birch's careful study, "In the New Forest," a little spoilt by the dabs of thick paint, which do not add to its effectiveness; Mr. T. Ireland's "Still Waters," and Mr. David Muirhead's excellent studies entitled "Evening" and "Stonehaven."

Among the figure-subjects Mr. Sime's portrait (7) of a lady in a spotted muslin dress is marked by a sense of graceful ease, and in its careful finish is in strange contrast with the score of water-colours on the staircase in which he and his fellow-workers in the same spirit, Mr. O. Eckhardt and Mr. J. W. T. Manuel, have attempted a very rough English translation of the questionable style patronised by M. Jan van Beers. To Mr. Manuel is also due a remarkable display of colour and anatomy to which the name of Mlle. Lavallière is, we trust without reason, attached. By what springs the two halves of the lady's body are joined, or why nature has endowed her with a Cyclopean eye, we will not pretend to guess. Mr. Alma-Tadema may claim a humble and not altogether unsuccessful imitation in Mr. T. Watt Cafe's "Pets," but the transparency of the master's marble painting is wanting in his follower. Mr. A. E. Borthwick's "Little Match-Girl" shows both taste and skill; and Miss Minnie Brown's "The Wanderers" has also a touch of unaffected sentiment. Mr. Hal Hurst's portrait of Mrs. Collingwood Thompson, Mr. J. H. Bentley's of an anonymous lady (256), and Mr. Borough Johnson's of Miss Edith Reid, are all worthy of notice.

The President is represented by studies of the interiors of Louvain and Milan Cathedrals, the former being less known to travellers than it deserves to be, considering its magnificent pillars and two or three excellent pictures. Mr. R. Machell contributes two of his Blake-like rhapsodies, "Death and the Soul," which at least is more intelligible to the general public than "The Children of the State" depositing Dutch dolls at the feet of a figure flanked by a cleric and a millionaire. Among the water-colours Mr. Hans Hansen's "Scarborough on a Dull Grey Day," and Mr. W. Luker's landscape, of which a windmill is the leading feature (420), are both clever and in a sense original; but the artists do not seem to have been able in either case to have solved the problems they set themselves.

Possibly there may be other pictures which by diligent search will repay the trouble of looking for them amongst a mass of others, of which the special claim to exhibition in public is the misplaced desire of the Council to hang as many frames as the walls will permit. It is not by such a policy that the British Artists will achieve distinction.

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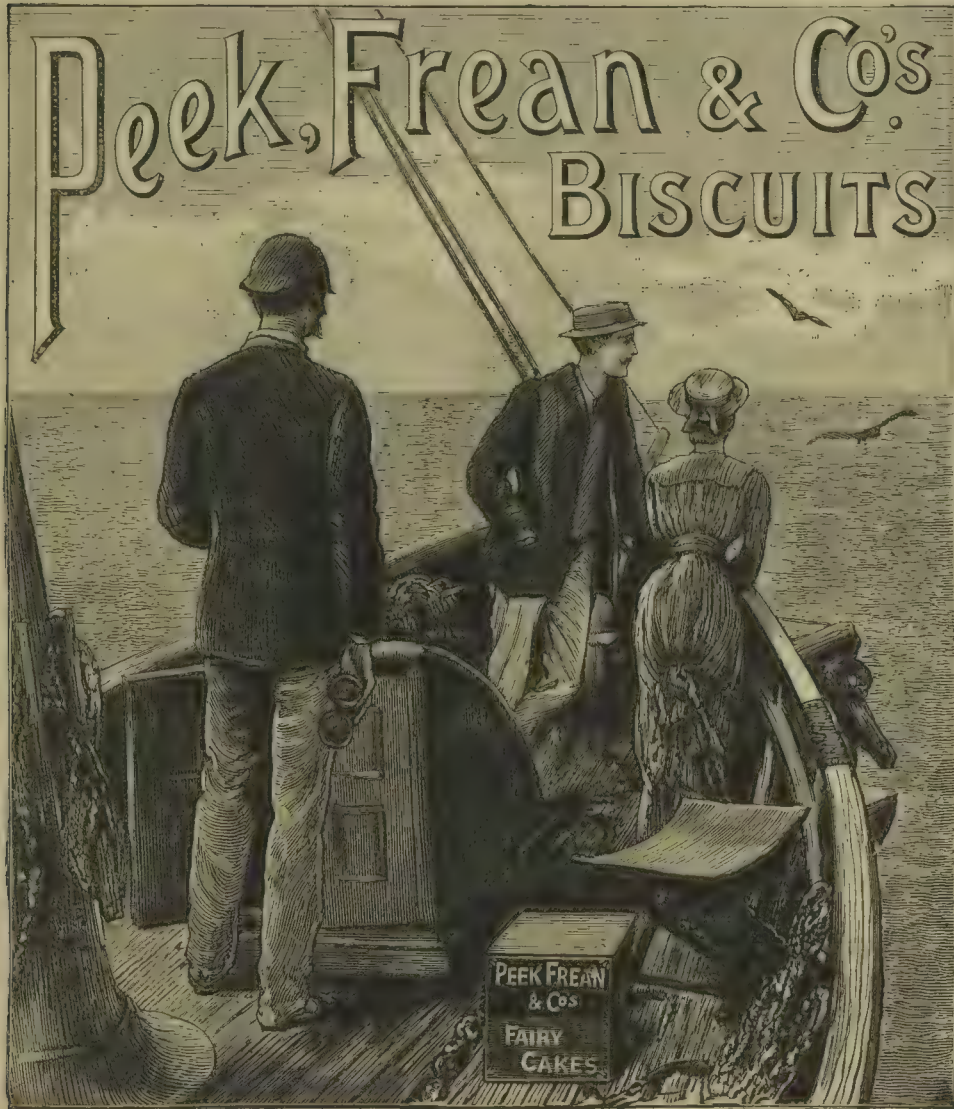
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Are God Almighty's bow and arrow,"

says the old saw. The swallow is said to fly at the rate of ninety miles an hour, the martin at about one hundred and eighty. The swift used to be classed among the Passeres or perching birds—near to the swallows, on account of some resemblance in their shape and habits; but in structure swifts are quite unlike the latter birds, and now they are placed among the Picaræ, the order to which that great night swallow, the night-jar, belongs, as do also the woodpeckers, the cuckoos, and the kingfishers.

The swift used to be considered as unable to rise from the ground. Two centuries ago Dr. Plot, of Oxford, wrote: "It cannot easily rise from the ground unless it be very plain and free from grass, wherefore it either always flies, or sits on the tops of churches, towers, or else hangs on other ancient buildings by its sharp claws, from which it falls, and so takes its flight." We like to think of it best as it circles with powerful wing over some wild rocky gorge in the North, above a scar, at the foot of which runs a noisy beck, variously called a "rindle" or "dimble." In Staffordshire, at least, a brook is still called, as rare Ben Jonson had it, a "dimble." But Mr. Yates saw, not long ago, in the very streets of Eccleshall, a sight that bears on this shortness of leg in the swift. The bird entered a hole where it had been in the habit of having its nest, but speedily emerged in great terror, with a starling clinging fast to its tail. So heavily weighted, the poor

swift soon came to the ground, where it was picked up and set at liberty by Mr. Yates.

The swallow arrives early in April, the swift hardly ever before May. After the swallows come the house-martin and the sand-martin. Dr. Plot called the swift the black martin or martlet.

When spring is late and stormy; and swallows and martins are fewer in number, insect blights are very prevalent during the summer. One naturalist tells how a house-martin once dropped a cargo of flies out of its mouth, just when it was about to divide them among its nestlings. He picked it up, and with the aid of a magnifying-glass he found a countless mass of tiny insects, some of them still alive and struggling. Martins will assemble sometimes, in great numbers, to devour small black-winged insects that cover gravelled walks.

At Lilford a swallow chose a curious site for its nest: it was inside the wooden pent-house roofing of an aviary, quite near to a perch which was occupied by a white-tailed eagle. The parent swallows passed constantly in and out through the wire netting in front of the cage, and reared their five young birds without any notice apparently being taken of them by the great bird on whose domain they were trespassers.

The Zoological Society of Paris has lately been occupying itself with the fact that, owing to the enormous captures of swallows, arriving on their vernal migration, in the district of the Bouches-du-Rhône, at the end of March, to supply the demands for swallows' wings for cheap millinery purposes, insect pests threaten to increase appallingly, and

in ten years' time, it is said, France will have no swallows, except the stuffed ones in the museums. For several years the number of these birds returning in spring has notably diminished, and the localities in which they had built in colonies from time immemorial are many of them now completely deserted.

It is a marvellous arrangement that by which the air taken into the lungs of a bird enters into the substance of nearly every part of the bird's body, reducing its specific gravity and rendering it capable of being easily supported in the air by its wings. The surface of the lungs is perforated with large openings, which communicate with air-sacs, and these penetrate to different parts of the body, occupying internal cavities of the bird's hollow bones. In young birds the bones are filled with marrow, but it is not so with the older ones; and the communication between the lungs and these air-sacs is so perfect that a bird has been known to breathe through a broken wing-bone when the regular air-passages had been closed by compression.

The swallow's flight is a joy to watch—

Cleaving the air
With many a bounding arc in the light,
With many a sudden slant and turn,
'Neath pearly drifts and beams that burn;
Anon returning, anon departing,
Soaring, swaying, dropping, darting.

What a loss to the charm of our country landscape, apart from all utilitarian considerations, would be that graceful circling over vale and stream if swallows ever became fewer in old England.
J. A. OWEN.

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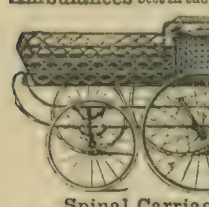


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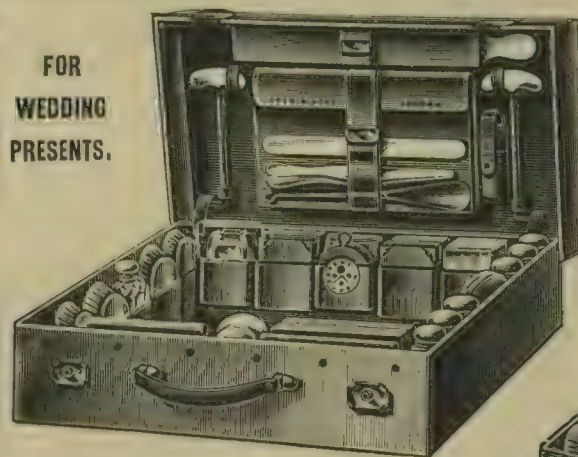
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MUSIC.

On Monday of last week Mr. Rosenthal, after surmounting the obstacle of so many wounded fingers and split nails which have hitherto interfered with his London recital, gave a long and varied programme at the St. James's Hall with brilliant results. His playing of Schumann's "Carnaval" music, for example, was nothing short of exquisite. He had not only perceived the separate significance of each little drama in that wonderfully clever work, but he had realised the continuance, the coherence, the relation of part with part in a manner truly amazing. We have never before heard this particular composition unrolled with so complete a sentiment of its genius shown by the player. The picture glowed with all the moving figures of that shining masked ball of Schumann's fancy. In the Davidsbündler March of the last movement, "contre les

Philistins," he signed and sealed his accomplishment as a virtuoso and as an artist of the highest sensibility. His playing of Chopin was scarcely less engrossing, and in other pieces, if he did not prove himself so completely and satisfactorily, at all events he showed his wonderful technical powers and his brilliant command over his instrument.

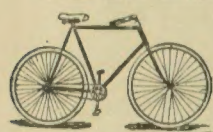
On the Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Hutchinson and Madame Haas gave their second pianoforte and song recital at the Steinway Hall, providing thereby an excellently attractive little entertainment. Mrs. Hutchinson sang a batch of songs which were for the most part admirably chosen—including three Mozarts, a Gluck, and a Bach—and sang them with taste and refinement; and Madame Haas played Mendelssohn charmingly. She seemed to us not quite forceful enough for a later Beethoven sonata, which she also gave.

On Wednesday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Henschel gave their second and last vocal recital, singing a number of excellent and charming songs. Mr. Henschel himself accompanied as on the occasion of their first recital. Mrs. Henschel was at her best—refined, humorous, and tender. Her singing of "Polly Willis," for example, could not easily have been bettered. Mr. Henschel's interpretation, among other songs, of four little masterpieces by Schubert—"Der Doppelgänger," "Der Lindenbaum," "Letzte Hoffnung," and "Der Leiermann"—were intensely interesting. He gave to all of them the peculiar intimacy, the emotion, the sadness which belong to them by sovereign right. And this without any flourish, without any effort to make a point by this or that note, but simply by genuine feeling and the artistic employment of all his vocal means. His singing of "Der Leiermann," that curious, wintry, bleak, yet poignant song, was particularly

DEATH.

On Sunday, April 3, at her post at Crawshawbooth, Blanche, the youngest and much loved daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. P. W. Reneau, of Shortlands, Wandsworth Common, S.W., in her twenty-third year. Interment at Woking.

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DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne; that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See "The Times," July 13, 1894.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne.—See "Lancet," Dec. 31, 1893.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Extract from the "Medical Times," Jan. 12, 1898: "Is prescribed by scores of orthodox practitioners. Of course, it would not be thus singularly popular did it not supply a want and fill a place."

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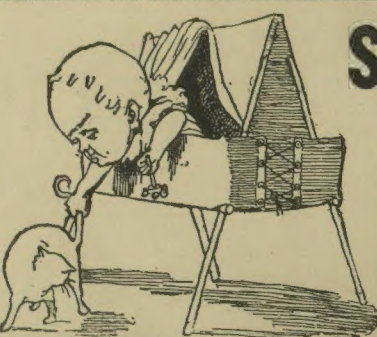
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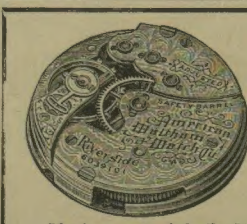
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memorable; he expressed to the full all the miserable outstretching of hands in the touching lines, "Willst du meinen Liedern deine Leier dreh'n?" It was an unforgettable moment. Mr. Henschel makes more out of his comparatively slender vocal resources than many a brilliant singer makes out of an exquisite voice. We have learned in these days the value of brains.

On the Thursday the Philharmonic Society gave its second concert of the season at the Queen's Hall, and provided a not very attractive entertainment. M. Ossif Gabrilowitsch played the pianoforte part in Liszt's Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra in E flat, and played it with much brilliance and spirit. This is a young player with an extremely fine style; he has the grandiose manner developed little short of grandly, and for work of this kind he

was as good as could be. Dr. Parry's poor Symphonic Variations were given under the composer's own direction, and Miss Susan Strong, who was to have sung, was prevented from attending by a bad cold. Her place was taken by Madame Alva, who sang "Ritorna Vincitor" and an air from Boito's "Mefistofele" with some effect. Mr. Henry Such's violin playing in Raff's singularly uninteresting Concerto for violin and orchestra was excellent, and the concert concluded with a performance of Mozart's E flat Symphony. It is quite in accord with the brilliant policy of the Philharmonic to give a Mozart Symphony at the end of a long concert, when nobody in the hall is fresh enough to enjoy it; yet perhaps it is a wise policy, for nobody is fresh enough either to be acutely critical.

On Saturday night, at the Queen's Hall, the Bach

Society gave a concert devoted entirely to the works of Brahms. It was an odd choice, for however one may frankly acknowledge the greatness of Brahms on occasion, it cannot be said that an evening devoted entirely to such solid food is from a musical point of view exceedingly digestible. The concert opened with a choral performance of Schubert's Ode to the goddess of funerals and closed with Brahms's German Requiem—a lively selection. Both works are depressing in the highest degree, in just the same sense as a dripping, grey autumn day is depressing. The Bach Choir, moreover, is not famous for the brilliance of its choral achievements; but Mr. Leonard Borwick's marvellously fine playing of the pianoforte part in the Concerto in B flat brought one ray of sunshine, and of splendid sunshine, to lighten the surrounding gloom.

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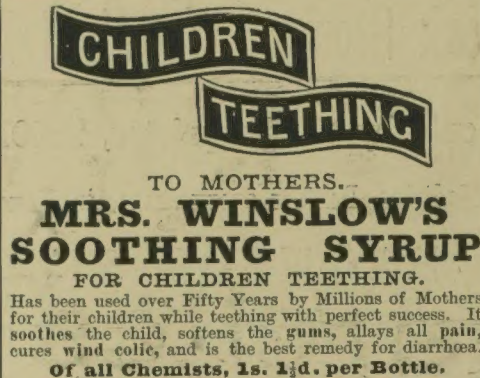
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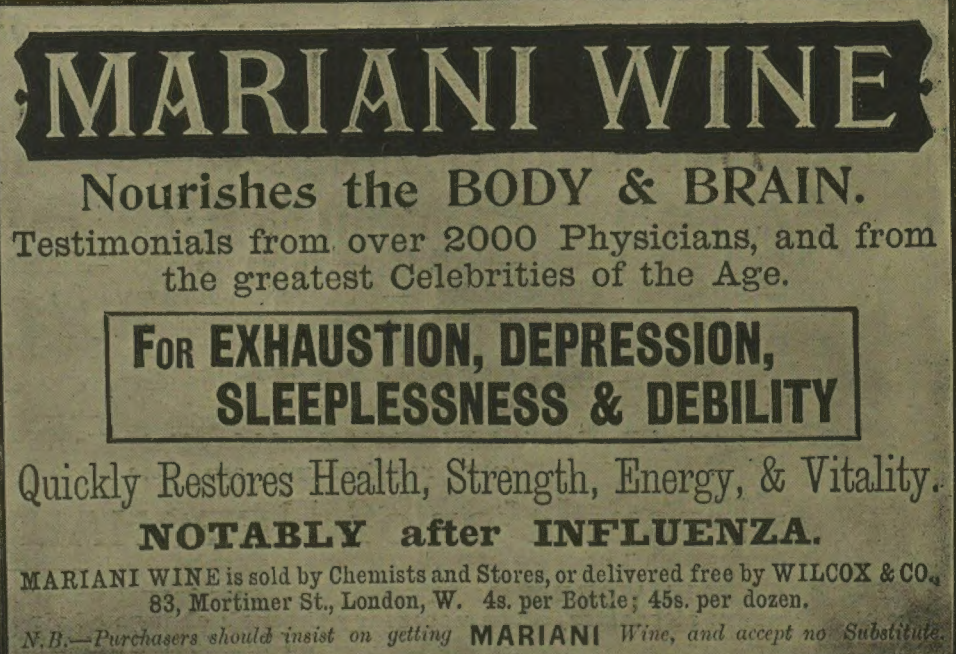
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